OCTOBER, 1901.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Some Authors and Some "Breaks."

It is not at all extraordinary that the wholesale gush which attends the launching of a book and the exploitation of an author sometimes turns the author's head and leads him to make himself just a little ridiculous. To be quite fair, the writers of the successful books of the last four or five years have, on the whole, managed to keep their heads pretty well, and seem to understand, what their admirers do not, that their remarkable vogue is due only to certain ephemeral peculiarities of the reading public. However, now and then we hear of occasional "bad breaks." For instance, there was the case of that gentleman whose historical novel—let us call it *When Chivalry Was in Bloom*—published two years ago, has been squabbled for in almost every village library from New England to the Pacific coast. Now, personally, the gentleman in question is one of the simplest and most charming of men. In his own profession he had won recognition long before he ever thought of taking up the pen; and when he did so take it up, it was only with the very laudable purpose of telling a good, rousing tale of brave men and fair women. However, there was so much blaring of trumpets and beating of tom-toms, and so many people insisted on telling him that he had produced a literary prodigy, that it is not to be wondered at if, after a time, he became a little doubtful himself. Some time ago the theatrical company which was playing in the dramatisation of his novel appeared in his native city, and, very naturally, he was present at the first night. As the curtain went down on the last act amid very hearty applause, the author thought it proper to step forward to the footlights and express his thanks. The reception which had been accorded the play, he said, was doubly sweet to him, because it had been given by the people of his native city—a city which he had known from childhood. As he stood there that night his mind went back and reviewed the past. He saw himself again a barefooted boy, playing about the streets. "Little did I think in those days, little did I think then, that the time would come when I should be standing here, as I am standing to-night, before you all, *in that fierce white light which beats about the throne.*"

There is also the case of the young woman who wrote another historical novel, which was also attended by an extraordinary success. After reading some of the publishers' notes which went about concerning this young woman, we wonder that the authors of to-day have any balance left. The scene of her novel was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laid, let us say, in Timbuctoo; so the nation at large was gravely informed that she had never been to Timbuctoo, and thereby many people were profoundly impressed. Ladies in culture clubs delighted to tell each other in hushed and awesome voices of how, during the four years that her brother was in Harvard, she kept pace with him, pursuing the same studies by his side, and at the end passed the final examination papers with high honours. It was a very pretty legend, and it might have been true, only that she happened not to have any brother. Her book, too, has met the usual fate, and is to be presented in dramatic form this autumn to theatre-goers. She was asked, when the subject of the play was first broached, whether she herself was going to attempt the work of putting it into dramatic form. No, she said, in a far-away voice. When the last chapter had been finished, all that was living suddenly passed away, and to her henceforth the characters were forever dead.

❧

However, both these "breaks" pale into insignificance beside that of a young author who has won an audience by some very passable imitations of Zola at his feeblest. The young man in question is undoubtedly clever and sincere, and he works with a very commendable industry and perseverance. In a word, he is a very good "little man," as "little men" of literature go nowadays, only whatever he may do will be marred, we fear, by a lack of humour and by that awfully portentous seriousness with which he seems to take his "mission." One day, in conversation on literary topics with the literary editor of a New York newspaper, he said that if he could have his way, he would cause all the books of the world to be gathered in a great pile and burn them.

"Why?" asked the literary editor.

"Because then I could rewrite them."

GILBERT PARKER.

❧

Is it not about time for the professional exploiters of current books of fiction and their perpetrators to resurrect the stolen jewel advertising story which the comic papers have so long associated with popular actresses? The influence of the Patent Medicine School of Literature seems to be spreading every day, and goodness knows when and where it will stop. In a publisher's note, which very handsomely eulogises one of the autumn historical novels, the lady under whose patronage the book is published coyly announces that she picked out her own birthday for the publication date.

❧

Some Novels of the Month.

In the department of "Books of Some Importance" of this month's issue we present reviews of several novels which, undoubtedly, will be widely read and very much talked of during the autumn. There is a book by Mr. Kipling, one by Mr. Hall Caine, another by Mr. Gilbert Parker, and one by Mr. Irving Bacheller. Each one of these gentlemen has, of course, a very large following; and, in consequence, all these books are, for the time being, of considerable importance, and we suppose that within a few weeks most BOOKMAN readers will have perused them all. We hope that we shall not be misunderstood, but candour obliges us to say that none of them is remarkably astonishing. With certain reservations we are able cheerfully to recommend them all, although we should prefer to recommend in their place a re-reading of *The History of Henry Esmond* and *Great Expectations* and *Eugénie Grandet* and *Robinson Crusoe*. It is just because we hear some enthusiastic optimist occasionally refer to Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Caine's book, for instance, as "an epoch-maker" that we protest.

Probably none of the four timely novels to which we have referred is, of its kind, more significant than Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way*. In this novel Mr. Parker far surpassed anything that he had previously done; and, on account of this book, we feel justified in recalling briefly his career. He was born in Ontario in 1861. He studied for the ministry at the University of Toronto, and lectured at Trinity College. Afterward he went to the South Sea, and continued lecturing in Australia. About this time he began writing the newspaper and magazine articles which afterward appeared in book form under the title *Pierre and His People*. In addition to this book and to *The Right of Way*, Mr. Parker has written *Tales of the Far North, A Lover's Diary, An Adventurer of the North, A Romany of the Snows, The Trail of the Sword, When Valmond Came to Pontiac, The Seats of the Mighty, The Pomp of the Lavilettes, The Trespasser* and *The Battle of the Strong*.

The following rules, which the late Sir Walter Besant drew up for his own guidance in writing, have been going the rounds of the English papers. The English papers attach to them the adjective "interesting." We reprint them, however, because they are so beautifully platitudinous.

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. Endeavour to be dramatic.
7. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
8. Avoid the sin of writing about a character.
9. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.
10. Learn as much as you can about men and women.
11. For the sake of forming a good, natural style, and acquiring command of language, write poetry.

Mr. Easby-Smith.

Mr. James S. Easby-Smith, whose volume of poems *The Songs of Alcæus* is reviewed in our present issue, belongs to a family which has long been prominent in the work of Southern education. He is a Georgetown College man, of the class of '91. Two years after his graduation he received his degree-in-law from the Georgetown Law School, and has since held several prominent positions in the judicial bureaus at Washington. When the gold fever was at its height he was sent to the Klondike with special powers from the United States Government. Several years ago Mr. Easby-Smith published a small volume of verse, *The Songs of Sappho*, which included the complete Greek text, with metrical versions and notes. This volume was very cordially received, especially at the hands of English reviewers.

Haley and Legree.

Is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* no longer read? Some time ago we had to call Mr. Hopkinson Smith to account for styling the book a national attack upon the South. We pointed out to Mr. Smith that, if he had really read the story, he would have known

JAMES S. EASBY-SMITH.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the principal villains in it are men of Northern birth. And now here is the dramatic critic who calls himself "Alan Dale." He has seen in a Paris theatre a French version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and is much amused over the fact that in it Eliza was represented as pursued by a person called Haley. Mr. Dale thinks that this is a Gallic variation from the original tale, and that it should have been Simon Legree. Mr. Dale had better buy a copy of Mrs. Stowe's book and inform himself about the story. Of course Legree had nothing to do with Eliza. The French play in this respect

MRS. SUZANNE ANTROBUS.

follows the book with accuracy. But this sort of opinion is what comes from "keeping up with the books of the day" and letting the better books of the past take care of themselves.

❧

Mrs. Suzanne Antrobus.

One day some enterprising novelist will discover the stores of picturesque and romantic material that still lie buried in the Louisiana of the dim past in the days of Lafitte, of Bienville and La Salle, and of the gay old creole aristocracy. In spite of what Mr. Cable and Miss Grace King and a few minor writers have done for this territory, only those who know of the riches hidden in old chronicles and contemporary documents are aware of the large possibilities of early Louisiana history in fiction and in drama. Meantime, Mrs. Suzanne Antrobus, in her novel *The King's Messenger*, seems to have made an invasion into this almost unexplored country of romance. The scene of the story is laid in old New Orleans, and the story opens in 1728, when Périer was governor, and closes a few years later, when Bienville, the Father of Louisiana, as he has been called, was once more reinstated in power as governor of the little French colony. The romantic interest of the book centres in "my lady Jeanne," a royal messenger from the court of France, and in her love and adventures. The author is a well-known figure in the social circles of Detroit, although she was born in New Orleans, and spends several months every year in and around her native city.

❧

Some People of "The Eternal City."

Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*, of which a review will be found elsewhere in the present issue of THE BOOKMAN, has, of course, been dramatised; and now the question is how on earth any one, either in England or in America, will have the audacity to put the Pope upon the stage. It is generally admitted that, while as a picture of Rome Mr. Caine's book is very good, as a picture of Italy it is not successful at all. The Meridional is not a Roman; and the future of Italy depends in a wonderful degree upon the Neapolitan, the Tuscan and the Sicilian. While Mr. Caine has pictured the Roman fop, the Roman aristocrat and Roman political life with considerable insight, when he comes down to the common people he fails rather badly. His Bruno Rocco, for instance, is an impossibility; for, whatever the faults of the Italian may be, he is not vulgar. Of the originals of the story, it may be said that Bonelli is a mixture of Crispi and Sornino. Indeed, in the serial form, if we remember rightly, the name was Bornino, which Mr. Caine evidently concluded was a trifle too close. The original of Donna Roma died some years ago, and was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closely connected with the affairs of the Russian court. Of course the business between Donna Roma and Bonelli is obviously the scandal between Crispi and his second wife.

❧

"With regard to the picture of the Pope, who is a widower, and whose son is the leading character in the story," says a writer in the *British Weekly*, "Mr. Hall Caine's position is that it does no wrong to a Pope to suppose that he has been religiously married and is the father of a son. To object to the picture of Pius X., on the ground that he has a son, is to run up against what the Americans call a 'tremendous proposition.' It is, in short, to impeach the 'sacrament of marriage.' If Roman Catholics feel that they can do that even in relation to the head of their Church, when they remember the history of some of the popes of the past, they must be even more daring than Mr. Hall Caine himself. Is it necessary to speak beneath one's breath of the last of the Gregories, of the notorious stories of Guitano Maroni, or to dwell on the early career of Pius IX. as a Noble Guard? As to the absolute impossibility of such an incident as forms the great dramatic centre of *The Eternal City*, I trust I am outraging no confidence when I say that, in a lesser degree, it finds its parallel in the life of one of the author's intimate friends. He is a Roman Catholic, who stands almost at the head of a great religious order. In his early manhood he was married, lost his wife and parted from his two children, daughters, who are now young women. There is nothing to prevent that man from becoming a cardinal; and, being a cardinal, there is no straining of probabilities in saying that he may become a Pope. Thus a great Catholic monk of the present hour, notwithstanding his earlier married life and his children, still surviving, may be a Pope of the future."

A CARTOONIST'S IDEA OF MR. CAINE.

LÉON DAUDET.

❧

Leon Daudet's "Le Pays des Parlementeurs."

A writer in the London *Academy* finds in the novels recently published in Paris the subject of an article which she calls "The Insanity of Literature." With a good deal of cleverness she makes out a strong case

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against Pierre Louys and his *Roi Pausole,* Gyp and her *Friquette* and, above all, against Léon Daudet, who, in *Le Pays des Parlementeurs,* handles political Paris in much the same manner that he treated medical Paris in *Les Morticoles,* his first book, published six or seven years ago. *Le Pays des Parlementeurs* tumbles us into such depths of gratuitous calumny as to make the book, if it were not offered in deadly seriousness as a study of the French politics of our day, a caricature of the wildest kind. The unfortunate Rothschilds, under the name of Warmeschwein, are pilloried in a single individual who "smells of death." He is the father of the sect which also "smells of death," and holds the fortunes of France in the hollow of his iniquitous hands. The book is dedicated with tenderness and admiration to Édouard Drumont, "prophet in his land." The servants who reply to Rothschild's imperious ring are senators and deputies. They crawl on their knees before him and receive weekly cheques. The presidents Waldeck-Rousseau and Brisson simultaneously brush his trousers and receive with gratitude a kick for their pains. He calls the prime minister *his* minister, and threatens him with a loss of office in case of disobedience. President Faure, Léon Daudet gravely asserts, was assassinated by the Jews in "a subtle and lewd way." This is a delicate reference to the cause of the late lamented President's death. Rothschild has a "bureau des souillures." This is where all the Christian parliamentary consciences are purchased and Christian souls are irreparably soiled and corrupted. Those parliamentarians, rich enough not to need bribes, go there "attracted by the odour of death and the delights of putrefaction." And this is supposed to be a serious picture of modern Paris! There is really supposed to exist somewhere in Paris a ghoul or vampire like Léon Daudet's caricatural Rothschild, in a sort of moral cavern, in which he devours poor Christian souls by the thousand. Ministries rise and fall at his potent will, and he holds the country through terror of war, which it knows he can proclaim by a nod. He has only to give the signal to his friend and slave, the Emperor of Germany, or bid England prepare her battle-ships.

The Empress Frederick's Literary Tastes.

According to the London *Literary World,* the literary sympathies of the late Empress Frederick were by no means narrow or restricted. Of English literature, both imaginative and scientific, she had a very considerable acquaintance. She confessed to Tennyson that she almost knew the Idylls by heart, and the same expression has been used of her knowledge of Shakespeare. She was an earnest student of Darwin and Huxley, and took great interest in discussing their theories, and she had also a wide knowledge of German literature. Painting, music, modelling and designing were other intellectual interests that appealed strongly to Her Majesty.

The New Sherlock Holmes Story.

Every one who read the opening chapters of the resuscitation of Sherlock Holmes in the September number of the *Strand Magazine* must have come to the conclusion that Dr. Doyle's share in the collaboration was a very small one. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* opens very dramatically, and promises to be a rousing good tale. But the Sherlock Holmes to whom we are introduced is a totally different personage from the Sherlock Holmes of *The Study in Scarlet, The Sign of the Four, The Adventures* and *The Memoirs.* Of course all the little superficial tricks and mannerisms have been worked in, but there it ends. In a brief note Dr. Doyle, whose name alone is at the head of the story, acknowledges the collaboration of Mr. Fletcher Robinson. Of course the matter is one which concerns primarily only the two authors and their publishers; but we have very little hesitation in expressing our conviction that the story is almost entirely Mr. Robinson's, and that Dr. Doyle's only important contribution to the partnership is the permission to use the character of Sherlock Holmes.

We hope that many readers of THE BOOKMAN read in the New York *Evening Sun* of August 28 the story of Mrs. Carrie Nation's invasion of New York, her visits to the office of Police Commissioner Murphy and to the headquarters of John L. Sullivan. In this story, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was written, printed and placed before the newspaper reader within very few hours of the time when the events described occurred, there were more humour and insight and clever description than in half a dozen of the typical novels which appear nowadays. It is a pity that really admirable work like this should be so ephemeral, and we take great pleasure in calling attention to it when we can.

Mr. Robert Barr has at last completed his novel of political life, upon which he has expended an immense amount of pains. His experiences as a journalist have given the author of *The Mutable Many* a remarkable insight into American political intrigue, and the book will be awaited with much interest. We understand that *The Victors* has for its chief character a political boss who is a frank and unscrupulous exponent of the system of spoils, or "graft." Christian Science plays an important part in the story. Perhaps Mr. Barr may now be induced to give us some of his reminiscences. Those who have heard him tell of his adventures among the Fenians know that such a book would afford exciting, not to say sensational, reading.

Little by little all the mysterious personages and suppressed chapters of history are being dragged out of their respectable obscurity, in order to make copy for the enterprising historical novelist. The latest subject of this treatment is the Dauphin of the French Revolution —that unfortunate son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette about whose fate so many romantic legends have sprung up. As the hero of Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood's *Lazarre,* which will be reviewed in a later number of THE BOOKMAN, he grows up to manhood in America, visits Paris and undergoes many strange and dramatic experiences during the reign of the First Napoleon.

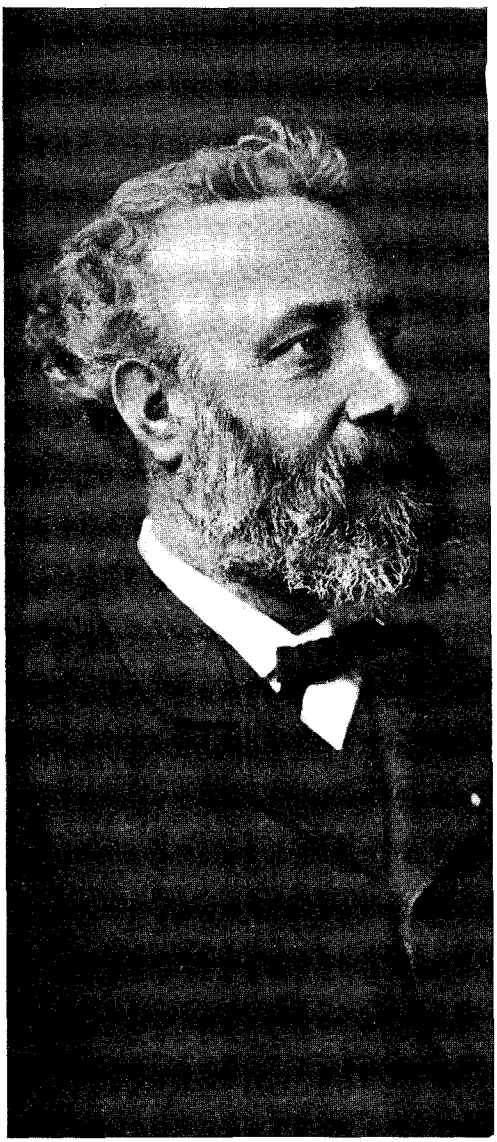
Fact and Fiction Again, Jules Verne.

In the recent past, on several occasions, we have placed fiction side by side with certain events of actual life as chronicled by the daily newspapers in the hope of showing how very often the most extraordinary combinations of the writer's invention either anticipate or are vindicated by occurrences which people do not seem to find so astonishing. If Mr. F. Marion Crawford or Mr. James Lane Allen describes a peculiar and improbable episode, you will very likely grow sceptical as you read it, and say that it could not be. If some morning, a few months later, you take up the paper and read that such a thing did take place the day before in Duluth or in Denver, you are neither doubtful nor surprised. The difference is that the affair in the first place concerned people with whom, for the time being, you were as intimate as you are with your neighbours, whereas in Denver or Duluth anything may very well happen. Probably the nineteenth century did not produce a literary amuser whose books, at first sight, would seem more completely beyond the pale of this kind of vindication than Jules Verne. He has been, from the very beginning, frankly and flatly the novelist of the ultra improbable. No dream was too wild to offer a foundation for one of his stories; and amazingly clever as these stories are, people who read them at the time of their publication took them simply as

MRS. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very entertaining dreams and without any tangible idea of their ever being realised. Perhaps this was not so with one of the best-known of his books, *The Tour of the World in Eighty Days.* No doubt there were many readers who



JULES VERNE.

foresaw the day when such a feat would be by no means impossible. But who ever took seriously *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,* or *Five Weeks in a Balloon?*

However, in a recent number of the Paris *Figaro,* M. Émile Gautier has shown how some of the most extraordinary of Jules Verne's prophecies regarding travel and scientific achievements have already been realised or are on the eve of realisation. "It is enough almost," says M. Gautier, "to make one suspect that he has found in the depths of the mysterious grottoes where Captain Nemo used to hide his treasures, the magic amulet which gives the key to the secrets of the future. Has not Captain Hatteras had hundreds of emulators? None of them, of course, has as yet reached the supreme object of his desires—the intangible Pole; but, following his footsteps in the line of the direction of the magnetic needle, have they not all more or less approached it? Does not the story of the voyage of the *Belgica* through the ice of the Antarctic Circle resemble a page torn out of the *Sphinx des Glaces?* Did not Frithjof Nansen, in the course of his northern Odyssey, have to make a voyage, just like that of the hero of the *Pays des Fourrures,* on board a floating iceberg? And has not the most unpretentious hospital or the humblest laboratory, thanks to Paul Bert, the means at its disposal to invest with reality the paradoxical chimera of Doctor Ox, not to mention the oxygen that is sold in siphons and tubes, while we are waiting for the liquefaction of the permanent gases to give us the sea air or the mountain air at home within the reach of everybody? Shall we speak of the *Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers?* Why, everybody knows that, if the idea is not yet public property, the Ministry of the Navy, at least, has realised it. That Ministry now runs about under water in the forms and appearances of I know not how many submarine torpedo boats, always ready to burst the paunch of the warships that come within their reach."

"The modern cannon, with a range of from fifteen to twenty kilometres; the melinite shells; the aërial torpedoes, etc., are, I imagine, the equivalents of the fanciful cannonades of the *Cinq Cents Millions de la Begum.* The *City of Steel,* be it said in passing, resembles, so strikingly as to be almost confounded with it, the industrial establishment gov-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erned by Andrew Carnegie, Pierpont Morgan and Company. Even the legendary asphyxiating bomb, capable of dealing death without pain, and at long range, is scarcely different from the nitrite of amyl projectiles proposed, with neither laughter nor tears, by the electrician Edward Weston. We have also *Cinq Semaines en Ballon*. Everybody knows that marvellous tale, the best, perhaps, of the ninety-nine which, up to date, have come from the fruitful pen of Jules Verne. Two epic Englishmen, accompanied by Joe, a servant of the same stamp, attempted to go across Africa in a balloon. To be sure, they had not found out the secret of steering balloons, but they put their faith in their star and in the atmospheric currents. Convinced that they had only to seek in the vertical plane the one among the many superposed and contradictory aërial currents which would lead them in the right direction, they constructed an aërostat, and off they went. Starting from Zanzibar, they soared, after many dramatic twists and turns, above the solid mass of Kilmandjaro, over the country of the Nyam-Nyams, above Lake Tchad and the Kong Mountains, and at last reached some point in French Senegambia."

"The whole story bears a singular resemblance to a piece of literary insanity, and the few pontiffs who deigned to cast their eyes over the book hastened to conclude, with a disdainful grimace, that such things happen only in romances. Well, I beg a thousand pardons of the pontiffs, but, besides M. Henri de la Vaulx, who is getting ready to jump over the Mediterranean, I know three good Frenchmen, three distinguished officers, MM. Hourst, Leo Dex and Dibos, who are ready to attempt the aërial trip across the Dark Continent on an absolutely similar plan, with the exception of a few minor details. It even seems to me that the Municipal Council of Paris has subsidised the enterprise. At any rate, if it has refused to do so, it has done wrong. There is not one of Jules Verne's works, even the *Voyage au Centre de la Terre*—the most extraordinary of them all—which has not been taken up and seriously discussed. We were even on the point of seeing that one realised in the form of a well a kilometre and a half deep, at the late Exposition, under the auspices of an emulator of Jules Verne, M. André Laurie, alias Paschal Grousset. The latter, moreover, had only appropriated and reduced the grand conception of an Argentine doctor, M. J. J. Martinez, who dreamed of nothing less than piercing the world through and through."

The Author of "Mills of God."

Since early childhood Mrs. Elinor Macartney Lane, whose novel *Mills of God* was reviewed last month, has been writing constantly, though but little of her work has been published. She is a keen lover of the negro of the South, and there are dozens of children all through the mountains of Virginia named for her. She understands the race as few others do, and most of her work deals with negro life. Socially she is prominent in Washington, and among her friends are many artists and literary people. She is a special protégée of Mrs. Burnett and frequently visits her at her home in England. Mrs. Lane's literary tastes have been much

MRS. ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

influenced by German writers, particularly Goethe.

Miss Caroline King Duer.

A society woman who has won an honest and very considerable literary success is Miss Caroline King Duer, whose volume of short stories, *The Unconscious Comedians,* is soon to be published. Although Miss Duer has been writing for several years, this is her first book of prose. A few years ago, in conjunction with her sister, Miss Alice Duer, who since her marriage has signed her work Alice Duer Miller, she published a little volume of poems, which was very well received. Since then, she has written a good many short stories and poems for the various magazines, her work, for the most part, consisting of clever sketches of various New York society types. In this line she is dealing with a subject in which she is thoroughly at home. Her characters are almost invariably drawn from life, and on several occasions they have created a mild excitement. Two of the characters in *The Unconscious Comedians* are supposed to be drawn from men now very prominent in the public eye. Recently she wrote a short play for four people, entitled *The Ambassador's Burglar,* the scene of which is laid in Newport.

MISS CAROLINE KING DUER.

Mr. Croker in a Strange New Light.

A person by the name of Alfred Henry Lewis has written and published a book which he calls *Richard Croker.* As a book it is just a little hard to place. It isn't biography, nor could it be called an estimate, nor even an appreciation, nor a eulogy. It might possibly be styled an ecstatic howl, though just what the howl is about and just what is the reason of the ecstasy we confess that we can't exactly make out. It isn't an ordinary book, not by any means; and we lay it aside with a hazy dizziness and a conviction that there is something really serious the matter all around. The gentleman whom the New York *Sun* has recently been in the habit of referring to as "the Squire of Wantage" doesn't in any way resemble the pictures that either his friends or his enemies have drawn of him. Our impression of him, after reading Mr. Lewis's book, is that he is a bucolic, Lalage-singing sort of creature, who goes about in all sorts of weather with a garland of flowers on his head, a petticoat of some kind, and a harp strung over his shoulder. If he meets his henchmen, it is certainly not in the Democratic Club nor in the red-brick building at the corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street, but under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a shady tree at the head of some sacred stream. There they recline, quaffing the mellow wine and snow and honey, and playfully pelting one another with puns and gentle quips. We should like to see the faces of the Sachems of Tammany Hall as they read some of the choicest and most original of the chapters in Mr. Lewis's book about the Chief. In the words of Chimmie Fadden, "Wo't'ell!"

Gavarni.

We had something to say in August about the two French caricaturists, Daumier and Forain, our remarks having been suggested by Mr. Edward Cary's excellent paper in *Scribner's*. Any serious allusion to the history of caricature in France is, however, incomplete without at least a mention of Gavarni, whose success was, on the whole, greater than that of any artist of the pencil who has ever lived. Gavarni's career was, indeed, a very unusual one from every point of view. His original profession was that of an engineer; and down to the last years of his life he felt a keen interest in strictly scientific subjects, especially aeronautics, and sent frequent papers to the Académie des Sciences. It was not until he was thirty-four years of age that his natural love of draughtsmanship found any opportunity for expression, when, in 1835, he was employed to draw fashion plates for a *journal des modes*. He was not long tied down to this prosaic work. Some fugitive sketches of his so impressed the publishers of *Les Gens du Monde* as to induce them to make him the director of that periodical. He gave up engineering, and from that time to the last year of his life he produced a wonderful series of sketches, which finally comprised, in strikingly vivid form, a picture gallery of every section of French society, from the lorettes and students of the Latin Quarter to contemporary writers and rulers of fashion. After his reputation had become fully established, he ended his connection with *Les Gens du Monde* and associated himself with *Le Charivari*, with which his fame is now inseparably connected. Gavarni was more than a cartoonist and caricaturist, however. He was hunted by publishers, who wished him to illustrate books; and he did, in fact, furnish the illustrations to such important publications as Sue's *Juif Errant* and the first complete edition of Balzac's works, brought out in twenty volumes by

FOURBERIES DE FEMMES. BY GAVARNI.

—Mais si un homme avait été pour moi ce que j'ai été pour toi et que je lui aie fait ce que tu m'as fait! . . . Mais! mais . . . mais je serais . . . honteuse! . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Houssiaux in 1850. Gavarni died in 1866.

The extraordinary popularity which Gavarni enjoyed during his lifetime has never been equalled by an artist of his type, and it was a popularity that never waned. The fact that he had contributed a frontispiece to a new book was enough to sell the edition. His lithographed sketches and vignettes were collected and preserved all over France, and were almost as well known in England. Gavarni's popularity, moreover, was not a fad, but it was due to the fact that his undoubted genius grew more and more perceptive with the lapse of time. The power of his pencil and its effectiveness in portraying at once the grotesque, the amusing and the terrible phases of human life increased as the man himself

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

(From *Messieurs du Feuilleton.* By Gavarni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developed in knowledge and experience. A visit which he made to England in 1849 had a very curious effect upon his work. So appalled was he by the misery and suffering of the London poor and their awful degradation that he never again produced a comic sketch, but dealt with themes of a serious and often sombre character. We reproduce herewith some drawings made by him of his more famous contemporaries. It is interesting to remember that the Goncourt Brothers published, some thirteen years after his death, a monograph on Gavarni, though the most interesting personal account of him is found in an essay by Jules Claretie. Gavarni's real name was Sulpice Guillaume Chevalier. The name by which the world knows him was taken by him from the place where he

HENRY MONNIER.

(From *Messieurs du Feuilleton.* By Gavarni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made the first sketch which was accepted for publication, and represents his delight over this beginning of an unbroken series of successes.

Paul de Kock.

When Arthur Pendennis had advantageously disposed of the manuscript of *Walter Lorraine* to the publishers in Paternoster Row, we remember that his uncle, the Major, was elated, and yet almost angry, that the boy should have earned so much money. "Who the doose reads this sort of thing?" he thought to himself. *"I* never read your novels and rubbish. Except Paul de Kock, who certainly makes me laugh, I don't think I have looked into a book of the sort these thirty years." To the stout old Major's testimonial as to the merits of Paul de Kock, we may add that of a foreign sovereign

HENRY MURGER.

(From *Messieurs du Feuilleton.* By Gavarni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to whom a visiting Frenchman was paying his respects. "Vous venez de Paris et vous devez savoir des nouvelles," said his majesty. "Comment se porte Paul de Kock?" These two anecdotes serve to show how the ingenious author of *Le Barbier de Paris* was regarded by his contemporaries. We hear very little of him nowadays, and yet there is a certain niche in the temple of literary fame from which he can never be entirely displaced.

During the last few months there has been something of a revival of interest in the work of Paul de Kock, suggested possibly by the fact that a monument to him is soon to be erected in Romainville, where he made his country home during the latter years of his life. He never was

ALPHONSE KARR.

(From *Messieurs du Feuilleton.* By Gavarni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a great literary figure, but in his time he was a personage of extraordinary importance. No one of his contemporaries was so well known. The names of Balzac, of George Sand, and even of the elder Dumas, seemed obscure beside his. There is a story that Balzac was once arrested for trespass on the outskirts of Paris, and was released by the magistrate because the latter believed him to be the author of *La Laitière de Montfermeil,* which he thought the greatest of all novels. The author of *An Englishman in Paris* very happily called De Kock "the French Dickens," although, of course, he had not the Englishman's genius. Like Dickens, he found the themes for his novels in the joys and sorrows of the humble. His work appealed to the great class of the semi-educated, and fleers were persist-

EDMUND AND JULES DE GONCOURT.

(From *Messieurs du Feuilleton.* By Gavarni.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ently flung at him as being the novelist of the unwashed. Apropos of this taunt, M. Jules Claretie recalls a personal anecdote. One day De Kock said to him, "I am accused of being read only by the kitchen-maids. *Mon Dieu,* I should be enchanted to be read by the chimney-sweeps. That would prove that the chimney-sweeps know how to read."

M. Claretie has just published a curious letter from Bulwer-Lytton, which proves that there was a time when Paul de Kock had a vogue even among men of letters. The document dates from 1836, about the period of *Oliver Twist* and *The Pickwick Papers.*

DEAR SIR: Allow me to express to you my sentiments for the honour you have done me by the letter handed me by my friend, Comte d'Orsay. I am charmed to see that my opinion on the tendencies of your works is such as you would wish. Perhaps, and to speak frankly, might I regret that this tendency of a rich imagination should go beyond the bounds of morals and serve as a means of leading the vulgar into error, and that in particular your opinions on morality between the sexes should be utterly different from that which is generally accepted in this country—where it is the only morality current. I do not say this to you as a reproach, but it is because I have found it somewhat difficult to obtain a just appreciation of your merits. The most striking is that fine kindness of heart and the profound and often seductive philosophy that form the real essential of a comic vein which is more vigorous and more powerful than that of any author that I know. In the *Edinburgh Review* of January next I shall try to give body to my opinions on your talent, in a way agreeable to you. If there be any restrictions, it will be the fault of my editor, not mine; but I hope that there will be no restrictions. Genius was given to man as a compensation for his inevitable misfortunes and torments—and your work regards life in so amiable and indulgent a way that I see well enough that it is the reflection of a joyous character and of a satisfied heart. Excuse me for writing this letter in English, but I do not know your language well enough to express to you in French my enthusiastic admiration and my profound respect. I am, dear sir,

Your obliged and devoted,

E. LYTTON BULWER.

Every now and then some one points out the "unconscious poetry" in some novel. A certain Dr. Dabbs has taken *Barnaby Rudge,* from which he quotes a passage, which, if written as blank verse, would run thus:

He raised
His head; gazed upward at the quiet sky,
Which seemed to smile upon the earth in sadness,
As if the night, more thoughtful than the day,
Looked down in sorrow on the sufferings
And evil deeds of men; and felt its peace
Sink deep into his heart. He, a poor idiot,
Caged in his narrow cell, was as much lifted
Up to God, while gazing on that wild
Light, as the freest and most favoured man
In all the spacious city; and in his ill-
Remembered prayer, and in the fragment of
The childish hymn, with which he sung and crooned
Himself asleep, there breathed as true a spirit
As ever studied homily expressed,
Or old cathedral arches echoed.

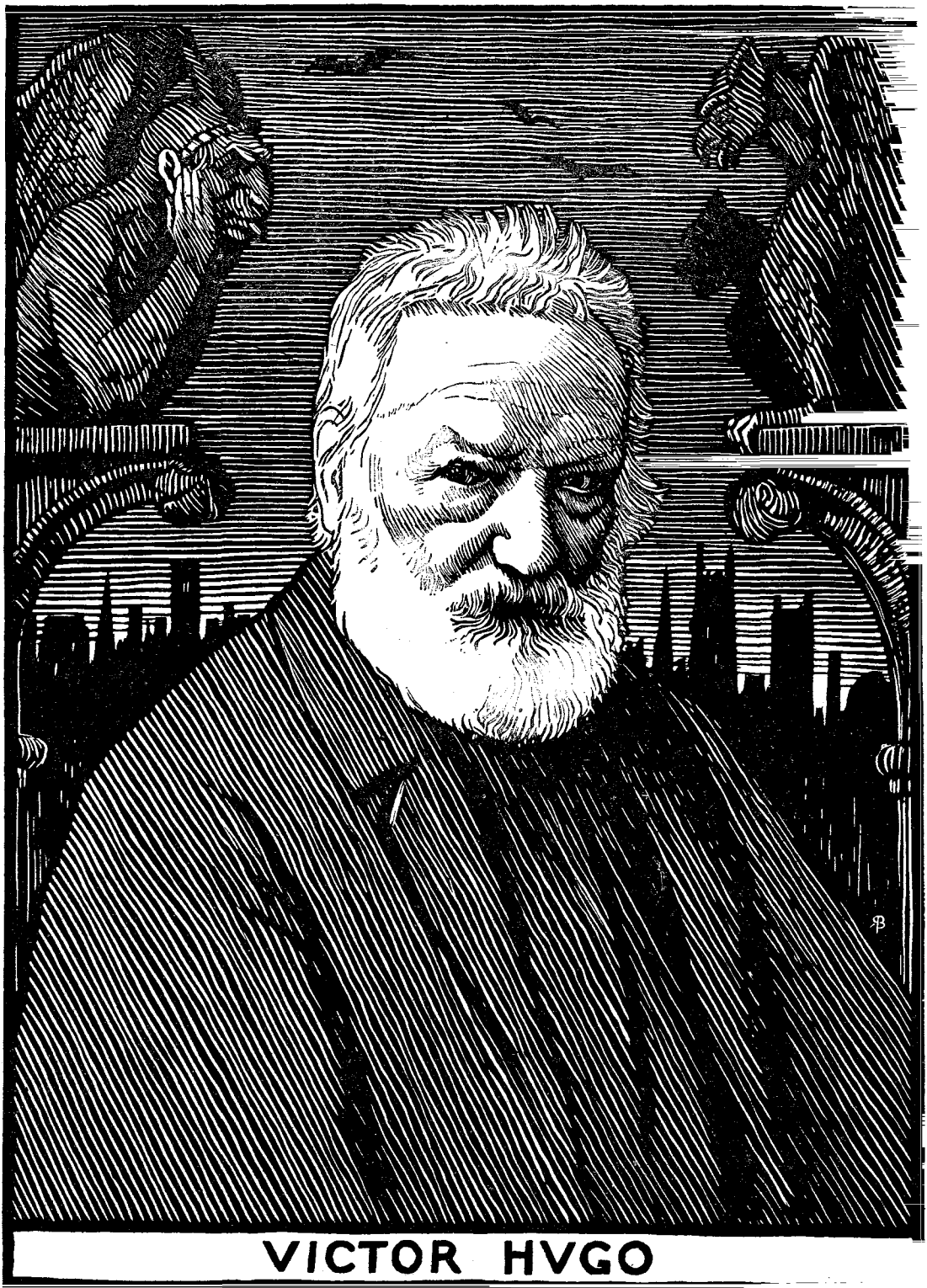
In an article entitled "One Aspect of Thackeray," a writer in *Temple Bar* calls attention to the carefulness of Thackeray's work in matters of pedigree. The writer points out how accurately all the involved relationships of his characters fit, and has drawn up pedigrees clearly showing this. Here is an instance:

Let us suppose that Lady Crawley (*née* Sharpe) occupied her retirement with genealogy—a not unlikely study for one who professed to be a Montmorency. In that case she probably discovered that the second Mrs. Clive Newcome was related to her old friend, George Gustavus, first Marquis of Steyne, and that Arthur Pendennis and Laura, his wife, could claim connection with the noble house of Bareacres. The former relationship is easily established. Lady Louisa Joanna Gaunt, sister of the Marquis of Steyne, married the Earl of Kew, and one of the four children of this marriage was Anne, who, as wife to Sir Brian Newcome, became the mother of Ethel, the second Mrs. Clive Newcome, who was thus great-grand-niece to Becky's protector.

The Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth."

Considerable confusion still seems to exist in this country concerning the authorship of *The Visits of Elizabeth,* and this, notwithstanding the fact that the author is, socially speak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, well known in England. Mrs. Glyn is a French-Canadian, brought up in Paris; hence the intimate tone of that part of her book devoted to French life, manners and customs. She is described as being decidedly pretty and about thirty years of age. Her husband is a typical English country gentleman, with a very considerable property in Harlow, Essex, not far from Waltham Abbey. At Harlow the Glyns have been entertaining a series of house parties, and Mrs. Glyn is spoken of as being a most charming and attractive hostess. The English have by this time pretty well satisfied themselves as to the personality of some of the characters in the book, and have even discovered the original of the charming frontispiece in the American edition. This is said to be none other than the beautiful Lady Angela Forbes, a sister of the famous Duchess of Sutherland, and the no less famous Lady Warwick.

In a recent number of London *Literature* there appeared an article upon Victor Hugo from the pen of M. Paul Bourget. It is to this article and journal that we are indebted for the accompanying portrait.

The Phraseology of Sport.

The London *Outlook*, in a recent number, while conceding that every sport and pastime should, naturally, have an especial phraseology, deplored the fact that this phraseology is becoming mere jargon. In its "palmy days" the P. R. could boast a language of its own; and one regrets to notice that the picturesque reporter is now doing the same disservice to cricket. When an eleven makes a bad start it is suffering from "rot and rout." One batsman is "breezy," another plays with "graceful assurance," a third is "cheaply dismissed." A score that progresses unevenly is "streaky," and a very favourite formula runs that So-and-So "played excellent cricket." This might reasonably be expected on a cricket-field, where Bridge or Ping-pong would be somewhat out of place. After all, however, it is the billiard reporter who most savagely dislocates the vertebræ of the King's English. Not long ago one of the brotherhood varied the monotony of life by describing the red ball as a "pinky round."

To Americans, however, who have noted the peculiarities of the diction of the writers of the sporting columns of the English papers, this plaint on the part of our English contemporary must seem a trifle amusing. We have so long suffered from a similar cause, and to so much greater an extent, that we have come to ignore entirely the absurdity and atrocious taste of it all. As a matter of fact, we have grown, perhaps, just a little bit proud over the comparative lack of imagination on the part of English sporting reporters. For, after all, the most glaring examples of idiotic phraseology in the English papers are exceedingly tame beside those of our own. For instance, let us take the American equivalent for the English game of cricket. The knowing American reporter writing a description of a game of baseball never makes the mistake of calling the ball "the ball." To him, of course, it is the "sphere," the "pellet," the "pea" or the "leather." A batsman never makes his base on balls; "he strolls" or he gets "a free pass to the first corner." He does not make a base hit, but "he singles" or he "slams the pea to the centre garden." He does not strike out, but "he fans" or "he pounds the air." The pitcher does not pitch; he does "slab duty" or he "bends them" or he "passes them up." We might continue in this strain indefinitely.

To refer to a baseball team representing a certain city by its proper name would be to bewray a woful lack of knowledge and experience. A few years ago, after the veteran ball-player Anson relinquished his leadership of the Chicago team, that team was, for a short time at the beginning of the season, without any nickname whatever. Sporting writers all over the country were in a state of chaos. The Chicago newspapers opened their columns to suggestions for a suitable sobriquet, and matters generally were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unsettled and unsatisfactory until the significance of the desertion of Anson dawned upon one ingenious scribe, and the Chicagoes immediately became "the Orphans." During the first two years of its career in the National League, the New York team was known as the "Maroons." In 1885 this title was dropped for that of "the Giants," a term which at a period when the team was unpopular was modified to "the Joints." The Bostons are, of course, "the Beaneaters"; the Washingtons, "the Senators"; the Baltimores, "the Orioles," or "the Birds"; the Brooklyns are "the Trolley Dodgers"; the Louisvilles, "the Colonels"; and the Pittsburgs, "the Pirates."

In our September number we published an article on the subject of "Dramatisations of Dickens." The illustrations which accompanied this article were made from originals belonging to Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, whose collection of prints and portraits pertaining to the stage is probably the finest in America. Through an oversight, while the magazine was in press, the line giving credit to Mr. Wendell was omitted, and we hasten to express our regret.

HERE AND THERE

I.

A Letter from France.

We have received the following letter from a French gentleman, who writes from the Boulevard Malesherbes in Paris. We have taken the liberty of altering a few phrases, in order to correct some slight idiomatic slips, which are very natural in one who is writing in a foreign language:

I read always with much interest your comments on England and the acts of Englishmen. Your criticisms of them are the same as those with which we upon the Continent are familiar. You seem, however, to be inconsistent. At one time you censure what England is doing in South Africa, and at another time you resent their insolence to Americans. Yet you suggest that the American President should attend King Edward's coronation, in order to give additional éclat to the ceremonial, and to emphasise the essential unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. How is this? How can there exist any essential unity in a race when one branch of it suffers insolence from another branch, and also feels that the other branch is engaged in an unjust war. If I were you, I should either oppose the English consistently or else be consistently enthusiastic over them. It seems as though you did not know your own mind.

It is, perhaps, natural that our French correspondent should regard our attitude as inconsistent; but, in reality, it is not. There does exist an essential unity of purpose, of feeling and of interest between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the long run, Americans are bound to stand shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen, and Englishmen are bound to do the same with Americans, sometimes from sympathy and sometimes from political necessity. In any very serious crisis small differences and minor grievances will be forgotten, and the men of both nations will remember only the ties of their common history and their common civilisation. At other times they will speak their mind about each other with perfect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frankness. Americans will often think that England's "little wars" are quite unjust, and they will strenuously resent a good many of the unpleasant traits which Englishmen are much too fond of showing. We shall continue to say what we think about the Boer War, and the *Saturday Review* and the London *Globe* will continue to be obnoxious, because such is, unluckily, their nature.

Yet, after all, these verbal rencontres are not necessarily significant of much. They are all in the family, so to speak; and we advise our correspondent in the Boulevard Malesherbes not to pay any particular attention to them. Anglo-Saxons are not so severely logical as Frenchmen, and they can maul each other a good deal without bearing any malice afterward. Having said this much by way of general explanation, we shall print without further comment a letter which has come to us from an American reader.

Whether the editorial in "Here and There" (July BOOKMAN) was written in a far-seeing spirit and with deliberate intention to stir up comment, I can only surmise; but, in any case, I know, through the fast-coming messages of correspondents, that Section Three of the said editorial, touching the propriety and desirability of the Chief Man of the American Nation attending the coronation of Edward of England, has proved a magnet of attraction.

The quickly and widely expressed interest in the said editorial proves how the subject and question were already being weighed and turned over in the minds of thinking Americans and also Englishmen.

Your July message expresses such cordial feeling toward our Cousins English, and such a sincere desire to see established friendly, indeed brotherly, relations between the two nations of one common language, that one, after having read the editorial, willingly permits himself to float off into a summer sea of ethical forecastings and refined possibilities, in which the mighty currents of policy and wisdom mingle, till an actual Gulf Stream of genial feeling seems a probable fact of the future.

One has three weeks of basking, then comes the August BOOKMAN, which is snatched up eagerly by nervous fingers that turn to "Here and There" for the next message, when, lo! and alas! a large iceberg is sighted drifting into that Gulf Stream. Under the caption "To Be Read by Englishmen" you point out the very matter which stands in the way of "heavenly relations" existing between England and America. The *Spectator* and *Saturday Review* evidently do not confine themselves to an ethical diet of oranges and figs, but dine on substantial beef-roast, rare and red. They give openly proof of a brusque disregard for the nicer facts in the case, and purposely shut their eyes to refinement they know exists.

It is evident that John, the consciously strong and burly, with aforethought steps up to slender, gritty (and, in John's mind, cunning) Sammy, and gives the said Sammy's inquisitive, delicate nose a tweak. There is something wholesomely human in the situation, and one is led to ask, "Is it not the better part of wisdom for each of these 'boys' to remain on his own ground, exchanging products, but keeping free from any fawning, or indeed any special, advance of friendship other than what the rational policy of statesmanship demands?" We Americans (and especially we Buckeyes) believe that our uncrowned ruler, William McKinley, is a statesman, and will act as such under all circumstances. Coming back to you, I must say the August article gives the clearest reasons why our President should not feel under moral compulsion to make himself one of the spectators at the English court. It will take several centuries for the English and American temperaments to harmonise, and certainly it will not come about through sudden and great concessions, which rouse only disrespect and contempt.

II.

Mr. Chandler, Admiral Evans, and Hackett.

Two or three months ago we reviewed in this magazine the very interesting volume of personal reminiscences written by Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, and entitled *A Sailor's Log*. We liked the book very much, and the public at large has liked it very much, for it is a straightforward, manly, unsophisticated account of a very interesting career. One particular portion of it attracted especial attention. In this the Rear-Admiral told how a certain Secretary of the Navy had conducted his office in the spirit of a local politician, and had done what he could to make things unpleasant for naval officers who maintained the honourable traditions of the service, and placed their duty above the Secre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary's hucksterings. Rear-Admiral Evans mentioned no name, and he passed over the whole thing rather lightly; but he said enough to inspire every one with an intense curiosity to know just who this Secretary was. This curiosity was not destined to remain unsatisfied, for Mr. William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, immediately fitted the cap to himself most neatly, and emitted a penetrating nasal whine. He knew whom Admiral Evans meant, and he lost no time in letting everybody else know that he was himself the man. He wrote a letter to the present Secretary of the Navy—a most absurd and self-convicting letter—and intimated that Admiral Evans should be censured or otherwise punished for his disrespectful reference to one who had formerly been the Admiral's superior officer. We don't quite see what Mr. Chandler had to gain in writing such a letter. In doing so he merely reminded his countrymen of a fact which they perfectly well understood, but which they had long ceased to think of—the fact that Mr. Chandler is one of the smallest men who ever held a cabinet office. As Secretary of the Navy his name belongs in the same category with those of Toucey and Robeson, only he was of much less consequence than either Toucey or Robeson. When he was a member of Congress he once served on a committee, and in the discharge of his functions he made himself so obnoxious personally that one of the other members of the committee—a Southerner—is said to have pulled his ears. This Southerner evidently had a nice sense of the eternal fitness of things. His action was beautifully adjusted to the requirements of the case. Had he knocked Mr. Chandler down, or had he caned him or inflicted any real injury upon him, it would have been taking him far too seriously. He must have felt this himself, and so he just pulled Mr. Chandler's ears. It was a little touch.

Well, Mr. Chandler wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, and complained of Admiral Evans. Here is where Hackett comes in. The real Secretary of the Navy was away on his vacation; and with the irresponsibility which some men feel when they start out on a vacation, he had left Hackett in his place. Hackett is a person of whom nobody had heard before. He came from somewhere up in New Hampshire, and we believe that he has a legal practice there. We understand that he was at college with Secretary Long. Anyhow, Mr. Long got him the position of Assistant Secretary; and so it happened that in Mr. Long's absence Hackett was running the navy of the United States. It was a great thing for Hackett. He must have felt quite a thrill when he stretched himself out in a big leather chair at the Navy Department, with telephones and electric bells and all that sort of thing around him, and knew that he could move battle-ships up and down the coast, as though he were playing checkers with the postmaster in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. So it came to pass that Hackett was in charge when Mr. Chandler's letter came in. It gave Hackett the opportunity of his life. If the letter had come to Secretary Long, that gentleman, because he *is* a gentleman, would probably have thrown it into the waste-paper basket; or, if he had felt that the proprieties required him to do something as a matter of form, he would have written a simple little note to Rear-Admiral Evans—a vague, Pickwickian, perfunctory note, which wouldn't have meant anything in particular, and of which no one would ever have heard. But not so Hackett. Hackett felt that the eye of the country was upon him, and that he must do something to make the name of Hackett memorable in the annals of the American Navy. He did it. The name of Hackett henceforth is memorable. Incidentally, Admiral Evans's book received an immense amount of gratuitous advertising. Every one was much amused. The press of the country raked up Mr. Chandler's record, and unkindly contrasted it with the record of Rear-Admiral Evans. We doubt whether Mr. Chandler feels that he gained very much by advertising his own littleness.

Hackett has done a number of other things. When the recent troubles broke out on the Isthmus, and the State Department wanted men-of-war sent very promptly to Colon and Panama, Hackett got his ships mixed up. The *Atlanta* was at Bahia, only a comparatively short distance away; but Hackett's mind took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to working in a sort of criss-cross fashion, and reached out after the *Iowa,* which was 'way up in Puget Sound. Probably Hackett didn't know where Bahia was; and we have heard that he believed Puget Sound to be only eight hundred miles above Colon, instead of something over three thousand. The result was that pretty nearly every important nation had men-of-war along the Isthmus before any of Hackett's ships had fairly started. No harm resulted, but this was not because of the terror inspired by Hackett. The prestige of our country carried the thing through; and, meanwhile, Hackett learned a lot about geography. This was a good thing, in its way, for we believe in educating the masses. But, if we might make a suggestion, it would be that when Secretary Long next goes off on a vacation he should instruct Hackett in the use of a long-distance telephone, and give him, as it were, a little less swing and sweep around the offices of the Department. Hackett is amusing, but he is just a little out of place in Washington. Portsmouth, New Hampshire, yearns for Hackett.

III.

To Our Correspondents.

Each month since this department of the magazine was first established a good many personal letters have come to us from readers of THE BOOKMAN who were desirous of discussing from their own point of view the opinions that we have from time to time expressed on various topics of the day. We have always answered these communications, both from a sense of courtesy and because we found them very interesting. Their number has at last, however, become so great as to make a personal reply to each a physical impossibility. We wish, therefore, to say that whenever such letters raise any serious questions we shall discuss them for the benefit of all our readers. The rest of them we shall always read with interest, and shall profit by them whether they are couched in terms of commendation or of criticism. We ask our correspondents to accept this general acknowledgment, with our thanks for their courteous interest in what we write.

H. T. P.

ANGEL LORE

Great was his joy and great his glad surprise,
When to a Seraph, new in Paradise,

Sandalphon beckoned, and into his ear
Spoke thus, in measure sweet and calm and clear:

"From one far world where never yet was heard
The speech of man or sea or wind or bird,

A voiceless earth, an orb in toneless air—
From that sad people there has come a prayer,

A prayer so simple and yet so profound—
A pleading for the blessed gift of sound!

An answer to that plea I now confer,
And thee I choose as its interpreter!"

The angel wept and low obeisance made,
Sandalphon's hand upon his head was laid—

"Fly to that star on pinions fresh and strong,
And slay that virgin silence with a song!"

The angel rose and smiling through his tears,
Went singing down the pathway of the spheres.

Clarence Urmy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRAIL OF TARTARIN

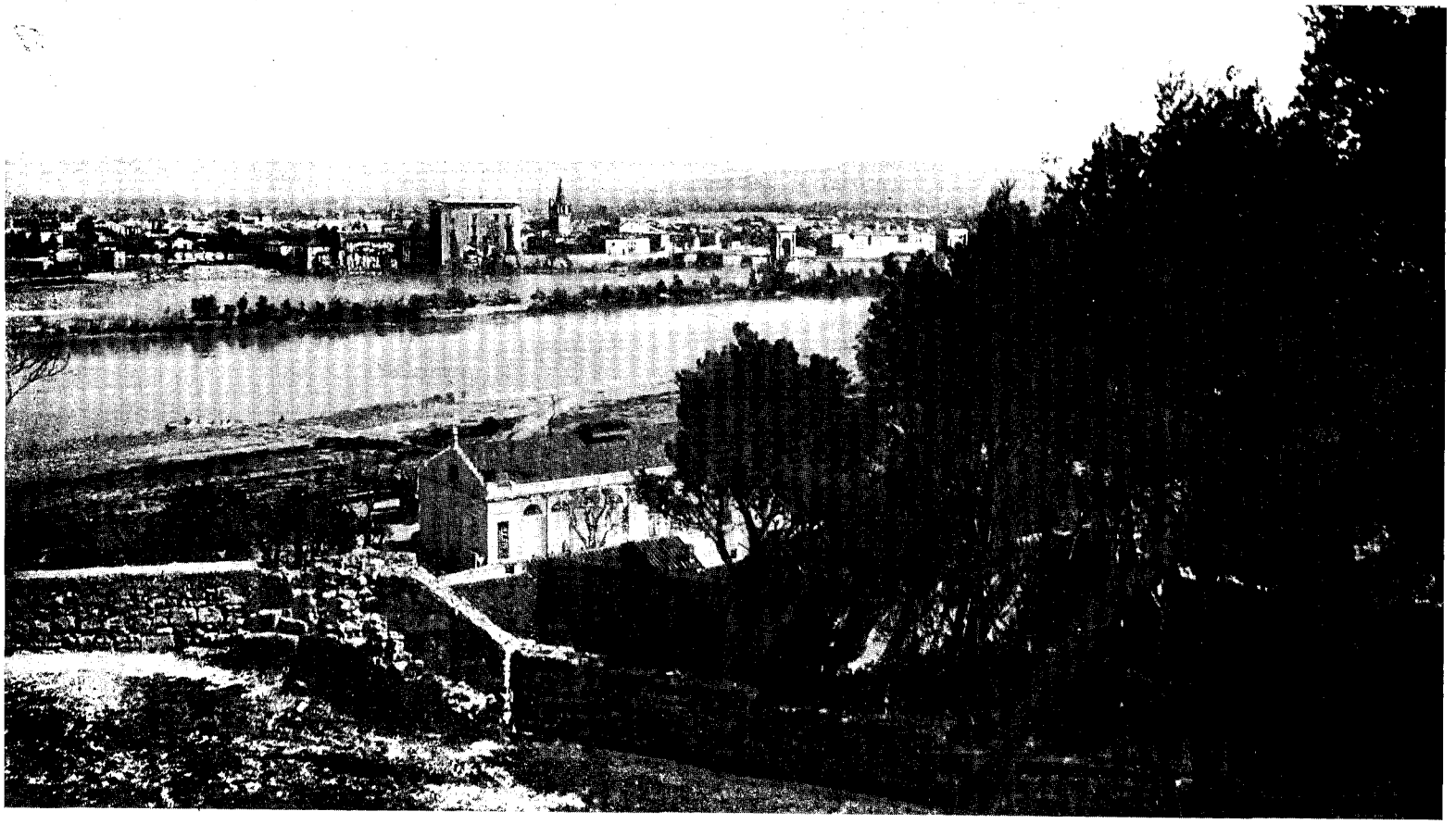
Part I.—Tartarin Chez Lui.

It had been a day of heat and dust. As the vestibuled *rapide* of the Paris-Lyons-Marseilles Railroad drew away from the southern fortifications and flung itself out toward the Forest of Fontainebleau, the fog and haze of the morning lifted, and the sun came out and blazed down obliquely. In a little while the hot dust was filtering through the windows, parching the throat, and the eye became weary of watching the changing panorama of little hills and valleys and villages and rivers, and even the jokes and the gaudy cartoons of the French comic papers began to pall. The little white ticket read "Tarascon," and the blue-bound books on the seat told of one Tartarin of that place; and soon as the train clattered on through the dust, the rails beneath began singing their rhythmical song about "Tartarin de Tarascon!" "Tartarin de Tarascon!" "Tartarin de Tarascon!"

If the heat and the whirling dust parched the throat, there was, at least, some consolation when the train slackened its speed and drew into a station, and the guard shouted his *"Cinq minutes!"* and a white-aproned waiter wheeled up alongside the carriage window a white-spread table, gleaming with amber *bocks*. Only there were eight hundred and sixty odd kilometers to be covered and twelve hours in which to do it, and these pleasant little oases were sadly infrequent. Midday. The sun blazing more furiously than ever. The dust swirling in great gusts. At Dijon there was temporary balm, and then the train wound screaming among the vineyards of the golden hillsides. In July heat and discomfort, the afternoon wore slowly along. Lyons was left behind, and soon from the window one could see the valley of the Rhône, and the river itself, flanked by the pretty, pleasant Provence hills. Then gradually the dusk came down and deepened into night, and of Avignon could be seen only the lights and the outlines of the housetops. Within, the little oil lamp overhead shone dimly, flickering in the draught, and the eyes grew drowsy, and the head began to nod, when there came a perceptible slackening of the train's speed, and—*"Tarascon, five minutes' stop!"*

In the last chapter of the first book dealing with the prodigious adventures of the mighty Tartarin there is mention of the stone stairway by which one descends from the railway station to the street below; and, accordingly, when one follows in these immortal footsteps it is with a certain trepidation and awe. You will remember the last episodes of Tartarin's adventures among the lions, his mishap in that affair with the Prince of Montenegro, his discovery of Baya's infidelities, his defiance of the East from the Oratory of the Mosque in Algiers, his pathetic return to France with Captain Barbasson on the steamship *Zouave*. The Lion of Tarascon is humiliated, overwhelmed with shame and disgrace. He slinks into a railway carriage at Marseilles, hoping to steal to his home silently and undiscovered. Then, as the train speeds on, there looms into sight the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TARASCON.

"A region more impressionable than Tarascon was never seen under the sun of any land."—*Tartarin de Tarascon.*

THE ALPS OF TARASCON.

"That chain of mountainettes, redolent of thyme and lavender, not very dangerous, nor yet very high (five to six hundred feet above sea-level), which make an horizon of blue waves along the Provençal roads, and are decorated by the local imagination with the fabulous and characteristic names of "Mount Terrible," "The End of the World," "The Peak of the Giants," etc.—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUE DES MARTYRES.

(From the fifteenth century.)

pathetic figure of the deserted camel, the witness of all his Algerian misfortunes. Tarascon is reached. It is down these station steps that Tartarin stumbles, when, to his amazement, there goes up the cry, "Long life to Tartarin, the Lion Slayer!"

Tartarin felt that death had come; he believed it a hoax. But, no, all Tarascon was there, waving its hats, all of the same way of thinking. Behold the brave Commandant Bravida, Costecalde the Armourer, the Chief Judge, the chemist and the whole noble army of cap-poppers, who pressed around their leader, and carried him in triumph out through the passages.

Singular effects of the mirage!—the hide of the blind lion sent to Bravida was the cause of all this riot. With that humble fur exhibited in the club-room, the Tarasconians and, at the back of them, the whole south of France, had grown excited. The *Sémaphore* had spoken of it. It was not merely a solitary lion which Tartarin had slain, but ten, nay, twenty—pooh! a herd of lions had been made marmalade of. Hence, on disembarking at Marseilles, Tartarin was already celebrated without being aware of it, and an enthusiastic telegram had gone on before him by two hours to his native place.

But what capped the climax of the popular gladness was to see a fancifully shaped animal, covered with foam and dust, appear behind the hero, and stumble down the station stairs.

Tarascon for an instant believed that its dragon was come again.

Tartarin set his fellow-citizens at ease.

"This is my camel," he said.

Already feeling the influence of the splendid sun of Tarascon, he added, as he fondled the camel's hump:

"It is a noble beast! He saw me kill all my lions!"

Whereupon he familiarly took the arm of the commandant, who was red with pleasure; and, followed by his camel, surrounded by the cap hunters, acclaimed by all the population, he placidly proceeded toward the Baobab Villa; and, on the march, thus commenced the account of his mighty hunting:

"Once upon an evening, you are to imagine that, out in the depths of the Sahara—"

THE PROCESSION OF LA TARASQUE.

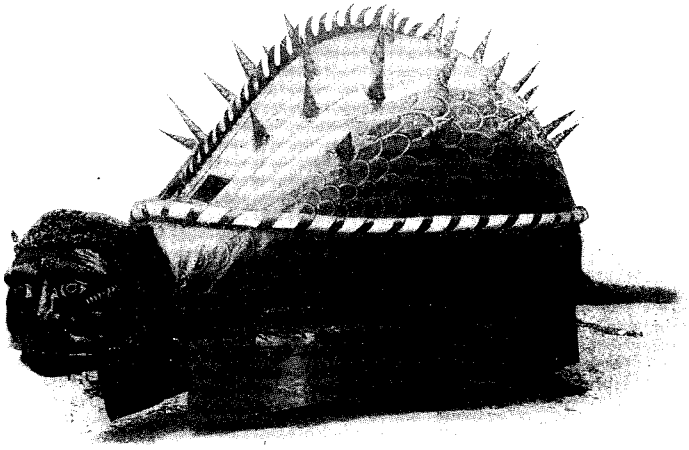
"Ever since then the Tarasconese have celebrated once in ten years a commemorative festival, during which they lead through the streets a monster of painted wood and cardboard, something between a turtle, a snake and a crocodile—a coarse and burlesque effigy of La Tarasque of other days, venerated now as an idol, lodged at the cost of the state, and known far and wide throughout the region by the name of *La mére grand.*"—*Port Tarascon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II.

Somehow, except on the score of purely analytical criticism and appreciation, one can find little that it is wise to write about in Alphonse Daudet and his work. What is there in the narrative of his own struggles and successes, in the true stories of the men and women who, in his novels, live and love and laugh and weep and make the hearts of those who read of their mimic joys and woes throb in sympathy, or in the histories of how these books came to be written, that he himself has not told with a remarkable fulness and with exquisite pathos and humour? Those little reminiscent sketches which he was forever dashing off in the later years of his life tell the whole story of his aspirations, his inspirations and his achievements. He lived so keenly. To him a pang of pleasure or of pain suggested so much. A landscape, a wind from the Mediterranean laden with the odour of the salt and the seaweed, a sunset in Algeria, the western sky gleaming purple and amethyst, and into his Southern head there rushed a thousand vivid impressions, ideas, dreams. There was in him a faculty of spontaneous creation, absolutely marvellous in its scope—a creation out of proportion to his actual achievement, great as that was. It was in this, first of all, that he so much resembled Dickens. People profess to find the two writers alike, because each underwent a youth of struggle and privation, and was continually drawing upon the impressions of his early years during a life of literary labour; because each, having suffered, had a wondrous love for and appreciation of children; because

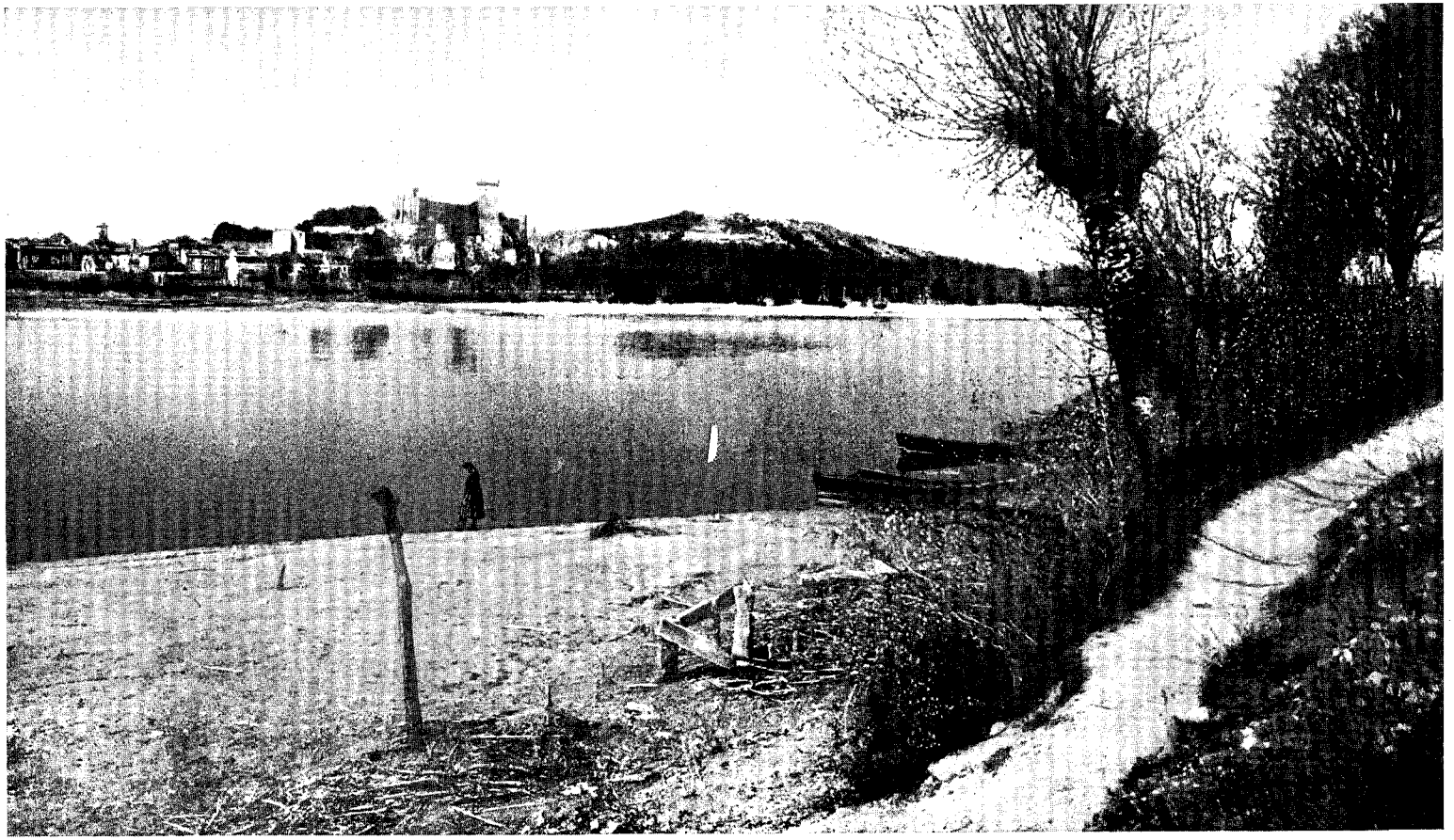
THE TOWN HALL.



"Lagadigadeoù
La Tarasque, La Tarasque
Lagadigadeoù
La Tarasque de Casteoù."
—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

"La Tarasque in very ancient times was a monster which ravaged the mouths of the Rhône."—*Port Tarascon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BEAUCAIRE.

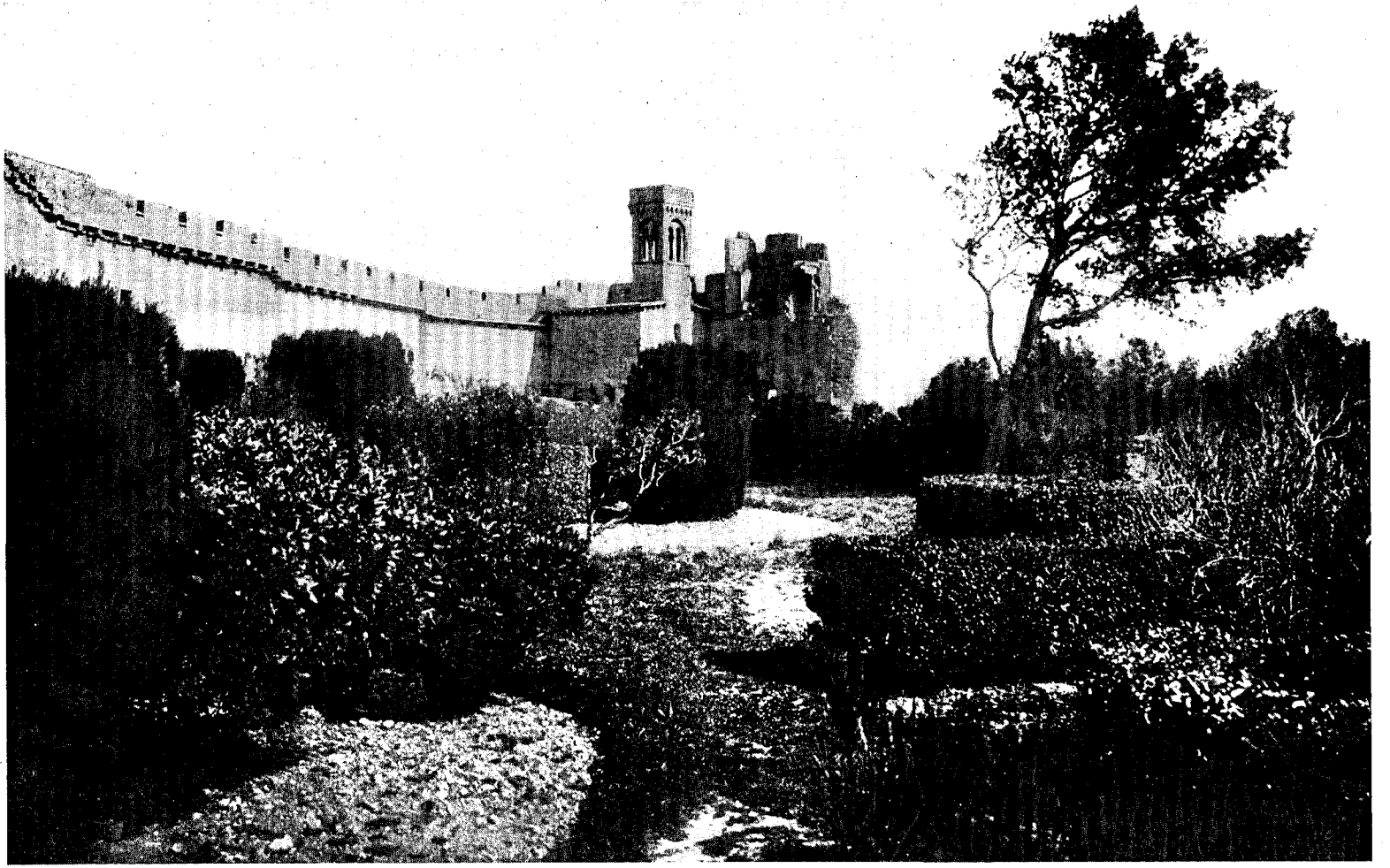
Where the Lion of Tarascon found a brief refuge in the dark days of his downfall.

"We saw him go farther and farther away beneath the arches; a little heavily, and yet with a good step. The bridge swayed awfully. Twice or thrice he stopped, because his hat was blowing off. We called to him in the distance, but without advancing:

"Adieu, Tartarin."

He never turned; he said nothing, too much moved; but with the hat-box he waved us a signal behind him:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Once, looking toward the Castle of Beaucaire, at the top, quite at the top, I thought I could distinguish some one levelling a spy-glass at Tarascon. He had a look like Bompard. He disappeared into the tower, and then came back with another man, very stout, who seemed to be Tartarin. This one took the spy-glass, looked through it, and then dropped it, to make a sign with his arms, as if of recognition; he was so far off, so small, so vague."—*Port Tarascon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each found an inspiration in the joys and sorrows of the humble. But these are merely coincidences. What writer has there been of great and noble talent who has not drawn upon the memories of his early days? Who was Louis Lambert but Balzac himself? What was it, if not that certain knowledge which comes only from within, that enabled Thackeray to paint the follies and the reckless excesses of young Arthur Pendennis with such sympathy and fidelity? You are amazed at the marvellous consistency which marks all the exaggeration and buffooneries of Tartarin. But remember that Daudet himself is Tartarin, only a Tartarin whose fiery imagination has come in contact with the cold, sober sense of the North, who has learned to look back ironically, and even a little piteously, on the absurdities and the *galéjados* of his own youth.

In the history of the writing of Tartarin, Daudet tells of how one day, in November, 1861, he himself and a comrade, armed to the teeth and with Algerian sharp-shooters' caps on their heads, set out to hunt the lion in Algeria. Not for nothing was he born in the country of the *helmet hunters;* and as soon as he set his foot on the deck of the *Zouave* (it was the same boat that in after years carried the mighty Tartarin to and from Algiers), upon which their enormous arm-chest was embarked, more Tartarin than Tartarin, he fancied that he was going to exterminate all the wild beasts in the Atlas Mountains. Then came all the enchantment of a first journey. The sea "blue as a liquid dye," the bazaars of Algiers, the orange groves, the orchards of tangled helianthus, fig-trees and gourd-trees, the white housetops, the mosques, the camels—in short, the East, with its languor and its disillusionment.

"Instead of going to the club by the public promenade, he went through the town; that is, by the longest and darkest way, through a nest of villainous little streets, at the end of which the Rhône is seen to glitter ominously."

Tartarin de Tarascon.

To be sure, my companion and I looked a fine pair of fools as we disembarked in red belts and glaring sharpshooters' caps in the good city of Algiers, where there were hardly any Turks except our two selves. With what a meditative, satisfied air did Tartarin remove his enormous hunting boots at the doors of the mosque and enter the sanctuary of Mahomet, with grave face and tightly closed lips, in coloured socks! Ah! that fellow believed in the Orient, the Indian dancing girls, the muezzins, the lions, the panthers, the dromedaries—everything that his books had chosen to tell him; and his Southern imagination magnified them all.

I, as faithful as the camel in my tale, followed him through his heroic dreams; but at times I was a little doubtful. I remember that one evening, at Oued-Fodda, as we started out to lie in wait for a lion, and passed through an encampment of *Chasseurs d'Afrique* with our whole outfit of leggings, rifles, revolvers and hunting-knives, I felt keenly the absurdity of the situation as I remarked the silent stupefaction of the honest troopers eating their soup in front of the lines of tents. Suppose there shouldn't be any lion!

And yet, that sensation to the contrary notwithstanding, an hour later, after nightfall, when I was on my knees in a clump of laurel, searching the darkness with my glasses, while cranes flew, screaming, far overhead, and jackals crept through the grass around me, I felt my rifle tremble on the hilt of the hunting-knife, which was stuck in the ground.

I have attributed to Tartarin that shudder of fear and the burlesque reflections which accompanied it; but that is a great injustice. I give you my word that, if the lion had appeared, honest Tartarin would have received him, rifle at rest and knife in the air; and if

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his bullet had missed its mark, if his knife had betrayed him in a hand-to-hand struggle, he would have ended the conflict body to body, would have suffocated the monster in his more than muscular arms, torn him with his nails and teeth without turning a hair; for he was a rough fighter, was that helmet-hunter; and, furthermore, a man of spirit, who was the first to laugh at my galéjade.

In the last paragraph quoted above there is the *amende honorable* long due to Tartarin himself and to all those who have in mind followed his journeys and shared his perils. It was eight years after this trip of Daudet's that the first Tartarin book was written. The story of its trials as a serial—its flat failure when running in one newspaper, the threatened lawsuit by the Tarasconian family of Barbarins (it was as Barbarin that the Lion Slayer was first introduced to the reading public)—has often been told. It was generally misunderstood at first—in fact, it was not understood at all—and it was some time before it emerged from a state of comparative obscurity; but emerge it did, and Tartarin came to take its place among the great figures of fiction, so that one may say of a person, "He is a Tartarin," just as one says, "He is a Pecksniff" or "He is a Tartufe."

"The poor man always hoped that, in passing some angle of these cut-throat alleys, *they* would spring from the shadow, and fall upon his back. Had *they* done so, *they* would have been well received. I'll answer for it."

Tartarin de Tarascon.

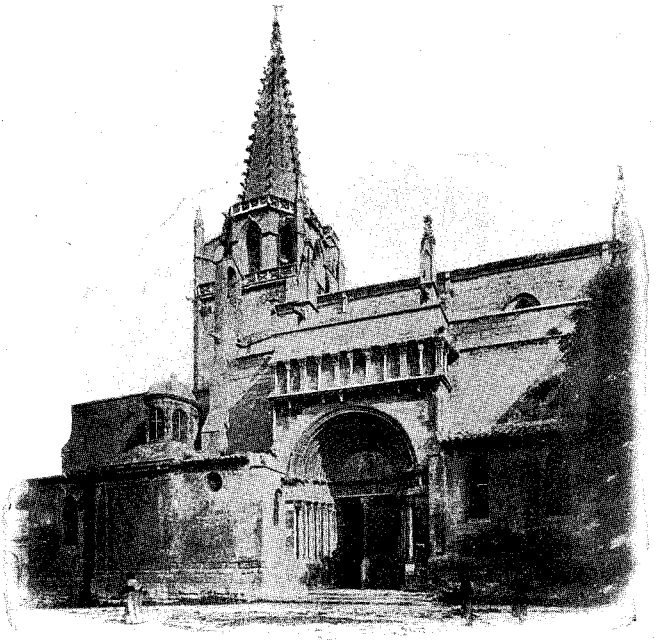
III.

Tarasconian hospitality has to offer to the visitor within the city's gates two or three little inns built with stone and stucco, relics, perhaps, not of remote centuries, but certainly of days long before the town became immortal through the exploits of her Lion Slayer. The one at which the present pilgrim first slept in Tarascon is known as "The Grand Hotel of the Emperors." Of course it was the Grand Hotel of the Emperors. Had there been in the vocabulary or in the sun-inflamed imagination of the Tarasconese a title more sonorous, more magnificent, more magniloquent, more imperial. than "Emperor," it probably would have been something else; but Hotel of the Emperors it was and is—a tiny French inn of the type so common in the little towns of Provence, where one likes to fancy that the city's Great Man was wont to come and dine in state, attended by Bompard and Bravida and Bézuquet and Pascalon and even the insidious and jaundiced Costecalde and all the rest of the merry company of cap-poppers and Alpinists and colonists.

Tarascon is a little, white town of nine thousand inhabitants, situated on the right bank of the Rhône, some fifteen or eighteen leagues to the north of the Mediterranean. Not far away is Avignon, where once upon a time a Pope used to sit in state; and a few miles to the west there is Nîmes, with its splendid Roman amphitheatre. All over these hills—the little Alps of Provence—Alphonse Daudet and his brother tramped as boys, loitering about the pleasant banks of the Rhône, listening to the music of the country's fairs and watching the steps of the *farandole*. Across the river from Tarascon is Beaucaire; and the two towns are linked by that long, narrow suspension bridge which Sancho Panza Tartarin—the Tartarin of the warm blankets, the knitted waistcoats, the knee caps and the succulent chocolate—regarded with so much hesitation and dread.

Round the city of Tartarin there runs a wide street, shaded by trees and lined

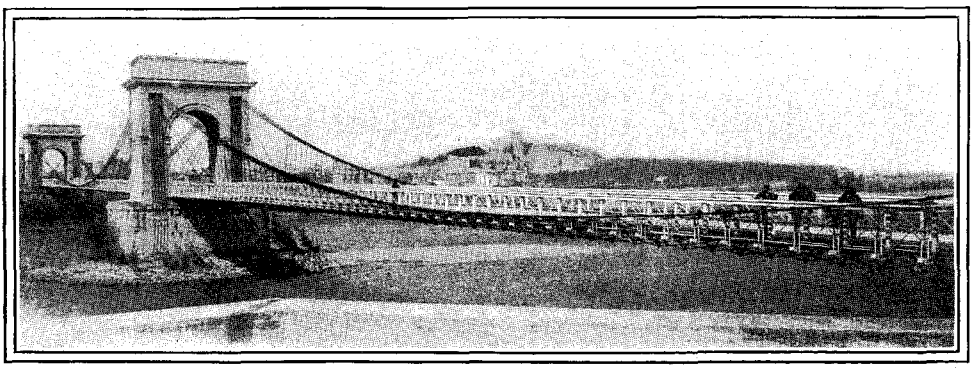
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A funeral service for the soul of Tartarin was being said at this moment in the cathedral, where the population *en masse* wept for its hero, its god, its invincible leader with double muscles, left lying among the glaciers of Mont Blanc."—*Tartarin sur les Alpes.*

by shops and cafés, known as the Esplanade. It was there that Tartarin trained himself to the hardships of his Algerian enterprise, making the complete circuit at double step six or seven times of a morning, a feat which does not impress one so strongly after one has undertaken the tour hallowed by his footsteps. At one point of the Esplanade a road, short and narrow, leads to the Beaucaire bridge, passing the old castle of King René, flanked by its four towers. It was in this feudal stronghold, washed by the waters of the Rhône, that Tartarin in the days of his downfall was kept a prisoner. It was here also that his friend of the native quarter of Algiers and of the night watch in the copse of oleanders, the Prince of Montenegro, was lodged for three years at the expense of the State. You remember how it puzzled Tartarin that the prince knew only one side of Tarascon. This side, of course, happened to be just that side of the town visible from the jail windows.

The town itself, ringed by the broad boulevard, is a labyrinth of narrow, winding alleys. Here and there in front of some municipal building there is a tiny, open place, dignified by the name of a square. In itself it is simply a town of Provence, quaint, it is true, to American eyes, but unlike other towns of Provence only because of its associations with the fame of Tartarin. Here, at the end of the Rue des Martyres, a street which seems to have remained practically unchanged since the fifteenth century, is the Town Hall, where the sacred figure of La Tarasque is kept,



"Beaucaire is not very far from Tarascon, for there is only the bridge to cross. Unfortunately that bridge has so often been swept away by hurricanes, it is so long, so frail, the Rhône is so wide just there, that—well, well! you understand. . . . Tartarin of Tarascon preferred *terra firma.*" *Tartarin de Tarascon.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and where was held the famous trial described in the last chapters of Port Tarascon. What a scene that is! The heated court room, the impassioned harangue of the public prosecutor, the excited populace, the procession of witnesses contradicting each other and attesting each other's deaths, and, above all, Tartarin, serene in misfortune, firm in his innocence, suddenly rising and exclaiming with uplifted hand, "Before God and man I swear that I never wrote that letter;" then, on examining the document more closely, answering very simply, "True, that is my writing. The letter is from me, but I had forgotten it."

The home of Tartarin is described in the first chapter of the book as having been at the entrance of the town, the third house, left-hand side, on the road to Avignon; a pretty little Tarasconese villa, garden before, balcony behind, very white walls, green blinds, and on the steps of the gate a brood of little Savoyards, playing at hop-scotch or sleeping in the blessed sun with their heads on the shoe-blacking boxes. There is much such a house as described in the place specified, and it is owing only to the eccentricities of the writer's camera that it is not presented here. Whether Daudet actually had this house in mind, or whether, in fact, he was thinking of any particular house at all, one cannot decisively say. Somewhere in one of his reminiscences has he not told us that the baobab villa was, in reality, some leagues farther south and on the other side of the Rhône? However, the house on the Avignon road as it stands to-day is attractive enough, and one prefers to believe that it really was the abode of Tartarin.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE NOVEL: ITS FRIENDS AND FOES—A REPLY

The conclusion of a paper in the current BOOKMAN, called "The Novel's Deadliest Friend," strikes me as illogical. I fail to understand the fashionable literary protest against the immense sales of such books as Mr. Churchill's, Mr. Ford's and Miss Johnston's. Even if they are not great works of art, they surely must have done much toward educating our immense lesser middle class, which has read little of history or of the great English classics. At least, they must have taught it what a wonderful history we are sprung from, and I cannot dissuade myself from the idea that they have sent a respectable portion of it to the fountain-head itself. Undoubtedly, their ability to impart a knowledge which is a commonplace in every ambitious American's equipment has been the secret of their success; but, granting all that has been harshly said of them, I think that they have their place, and should be encouraged.

But there is another point. What of the several millions of independent women in the United States who are earning their living with their heads? These women are not unable to buy a book occasionally—now. As time goes on they will find themselves able to indulge in such luxuries more and more. Is it beyond the possibilities that in the course of even three or four years there may be immense sales of a higher class of literature? Would anybody dare to deny that there are three hundred thousand women in the United States to-day whose opinion would not be better worth having than that of the average hurried critic, who is prompted by a natural instinct to disapprove of success?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The large majority of these women are too poor to buy, and wait their turn at the library; but to assert that out of a population of eighty millions we have not bred three hundred thousand highly intelligent women is to place us on a level with the Chinese.

Nor can I understand the oft-repeated assertion that American men do not buy or read novels. I have rarely met an intelligent countryman who was not up on good current literature, and my acquaintance in the course of my life has not been inextensive. Moreover, I have not only heard other women constantly quoting the opinion of their men friends —and most of our women tax men heavily in the matter of books as well as of sweets and flowers, be it remembered— but in travelling about as I do, in all sorts of country and mountain hotels, I have looked upon row after row of men with their feet on the veranda rail, reading the novel of the hour. The truth is, we get into the habit of repeating well-sounding assertions without substantiating them by observation. The American man is too nervous not to read.

In regard to the other lament in "The Novel's Deadliest Enemy," the whole point is that Americans are sometimes unreasonably exacting and sometimes not, just as they are sometimes prudish and sometimes not. They like Mr. James Lane Allen's immaculate heroes, and they adore the selfish brutes of Ouida's creation. They have spasms of virtue if a native-born American rises above or descends below the prescribed magazine standard, and our playwrights are melodramatically virtuous. Yet Olga Nethersole turned away thousands nightly because a clergyman and some newspapers had characterised as lewd the dullest play ever witnessed; *Zaza* ran for three years; D'Annunzio, who is denied publication in England, is devoured here, and *The Visits of Elizabeth* is merely amusing to us because it comes from afar. To generalise about our public—which must be fished for in all directions as integral atoms of a population of eighty millions —invites madness. The truth is, there are as many separate publics for as many varieties of the novel as can be devised; and that with our growing wealth, educational facilities and independence of character, to say nothing of flights to Europe on incomes ranging from a hundred thousand a year to five hundred economised dollars—there is no reason in the world why Mr. Henry James should not have a following of fifty thousand in the course of the next decade, nor why *Tom Jones* should not be revived with the same enthusiasm as recently attended the rebirth of the emasculated *Wandering Jew.*

Gertrude Atherton.

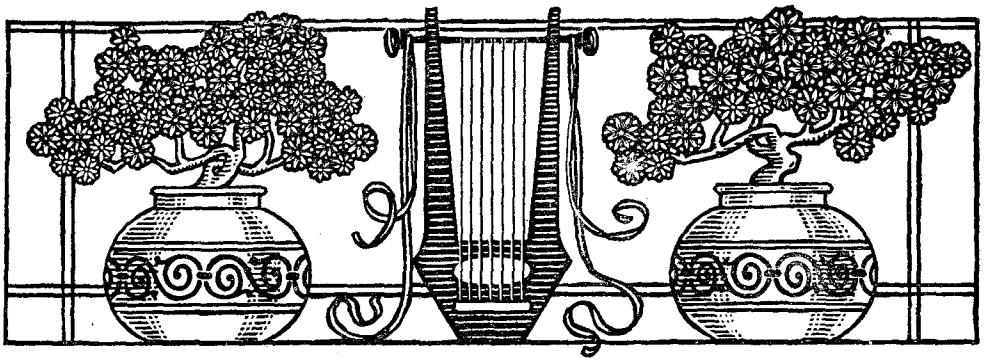
THE GLEANER

Side by my side all day the Gleaner went.
We breathed the cold, spiced air of sweet spring, dark
Before the dawn; together, when the lark
Awoke, we raised rapt faces, and we bent
To listen in still grasses; the dear scent
Of noon and dusk we breathed. We knelt to mark
Holy of holies of the deathless ark,
Unveiled for us before the day was spent.

Oh, prodigal of sweetness that dead day
I saw and worshipped, and I passed; nor knew
That Silent One beside me stooped to lay
Somewhat aside. Now, in the dusk of rue
And bitterness, the Gleaner bears to me,
Wistful, her garnered wreath of rosemary.

Zona Gale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SEVEN BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Brandes's "Nineteenth-Century Literature."*

Some four or five years ago Dr. George Brandes, whose reputation among American readers is based, for the most part, on his *William Shakespeare*, delivered at the University of Copenhagen a course of lectures on the main currents in nineteenth-century literature. It is only in understanding the importance of these addresses for the Danish world of letters that a clear comprehension is possible of all the shadings in emphasis that are to be found in the initial volume of a series of six, based on these lectures, and now for the first time published in English.

The omission of that part of the author's original introduction which deals with Danish literature, and the absence of any prefatory note of the publishers, show plainly the desire to allow the work to stand, so to speak, on its own critical feet without the stilts of historical interest or national *réclame*. Willingly admitting its worthiness of such objective consideration, we yet maintain that to know the status of recent Danish thought; to be aware that Northern culture has remained isolated and unaffected by the influences that have swept over the intellectual life of England, France and Germany these past one hundred years; to be acquainted with the almost mediæval orthodoxy, the intolerance of foreign literature, the jealous, provincial, national pride against which Dr. Brandes has patriotically striven; and, finally, to appreciate the crucially independent position that his addresses make evident—all this knowledge serves to cast light upon the author's insistence on the value of traits that we Americans are quite ready to accept without such emphasis. The Napoleon-undaunted courage of Madame de Staël, the creed-oblivious justice of Voltaire in his later days, these strike a responsive chord in the professor who, undismayed by a hostile press and outraged jingoism, did not hesitate to risk the exile which was the fate of most of the characters of the first act of the literary drama now set before us.

The Emigrant Literature Dr. Brandes has called this initial volume. The name is well chosen, although not all the personages are themselves *émigrés*. The terrific, social and political upheavals of Revolutionary France, with its varying tyrannies, scattered like a tidal wave all who were not overwhelmed and destroyed, or, fortune-favoured, carried along on the bloody crests. The *Storm and Stress* movement was not confined to France, but happily for Germany political revolution was there avoided by the intelligence and enlightenment of the German princes. The revolution remained intellectual: in poetry, in art, in philosophy, in Goethe and Schiller, Klopstock and Lessing, Kant and Schlegel, the new ideas indicating the reaction against the eighteenth century, found their deep expression, the sympathy in mood, the similarity in ideals characterising the young opponents of all that petrified convention

*Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Vol. I. The Emigrant in Literature. The Macmillan Company. 1901. $2.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and authority which throttled individualism alike in France and in Germany, are well emphasised by such keen analyses as Dr. Brandes gives in his chapters on Chateaubriand, on Rousseau and on *Werther*. It was the epoch of hope and of despair, of aspiration and of resignation. In *Atala* the relief of nature as a retreat from man; in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* the inspiration of nature as a model, a teacher for man; in *Werther* the hopelessness of natural love when it is opposed to man's laws, equally illustrate the intense striving for independence, for the expression of the individual soul, for the breaking down of old barriers that traditions and dynasties had erected. In these writers, as so pre-eminently in Sénancour, the author of *Obermann*, the subjective note in nature is effectively sounded, and the passions and calms, the joys and sorrows of men, are reflected in their interpretation of the objective world.

The climax in literature of the *maladie du siècle*, the dread disease which was but an exaggerated conviction of the discord between the individual and society, is not to be found in *Werther*, where at least there is a struggle against despair, but rather in the resigned, weary despondency of *René*, and the morbid indifference of *Obermann*. In these two types the element of kinship with their brother men is imperceptible—and this is the ultimate reach of despair. But in their romantic worship of nature, they show their affiliation with that Rousseau who stands as the first of the reactionaries against Voltaire, however far they may have wandered from his enthusiastic and active reforms.

It is a relief to leave the mournful atmosphere of such books and come into the brilliant presence of Madame de Staël. She, too, felt the weight and the sorrow of the statement in which her lover, Constant, summed up the lesson of his novel, *Adolphe*, the work that Dr. Brandes suggestively calls "woman's *Werther*": "The strongest passion cannot survive the struggle with the established order of things. It makes that love too bitter which it has not recognised and stamped with the seal of its approval." But "the bitterness of things too sweet" never so affected Madame de Staël's character as to make her waver for a moment from her purposes and her ideals—ideals to which indeed we cannot give entire assent when, as in *Delphine*, the plea is made for individual rules of conduct, but which, portrayed in all their sincerity by the naturally sympathetically-disposed critic, make evident a high-minded, intense nature, that must needs elevate. Madame de Staël's greatest act of benefit to her country was her work on Germany, with its introduction of all the intellectual influences that were so swiftly transforming the culture of the German states. Art, Italy and Catholicism (which Voltaire had so terribly attacked, and whose cult, as opposed to unimaginative, art-unhallowed Protestantism, became characteristic of the Romanticists) are made more familiar to the French mind in the very charming novel, *Corinne*. Dr. Brandes discusses this novel thoroughly, excellently, and altogether his study of Madame de Staël has, we believe, no superior in modern criticism. He shows not alone the æsthetic value of her writings, but indicates how she was the first to become conscious of the actual tendencies as well as the aims of the emigrant literature. "Like the others, she draws her first inspiration from Rousseau; like the others, she deplores the excesses of the Revolution; but better than any of the others, she loves personal and political freedom. She teaches her countrymen to appreciate the characteristics and literature of the neighbouring nations; she breaks down with her own hand the wall of self-sufficiency with which victorious France had surrounded itself." It is a similar rôle that Dr. Brandes has chosen for himself in Denmark.

As to adverse criticism, there is little that can be made. In several of the chapters, it is true, the formal biographical paragraphs smack a bit of the lecture-room, but elsewhere the charm of style more than atones for these commonplaces. One may look forward eagerly to clear, impartial estimates and expositions in the succeeding volumes, which will have far more interesting subject-matter —the Romantic School in Germany, in France, in England and the various intellectual reactions and advances of the first half of the nineteenth century. To only one statement in this, so to say, prefatory volume must we take absolute exception, and that is where (page 146) Kant's name is closely associated with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the theory of *l'art pour l'art*. Granting that Kant in his *Critique of Judgment* maintains the essential worthiness of beauty in itself, Dr. Brandes misinterprets the philosopher if he considers this justification for even remotely associating Kant with the French school. Kant saw the intimate relation between the beautiful and the sublime, and he would have been unwilling to separate from his conception of them their moral influence. This attitude is far removed from the position maintained by those poets and artists who are considered the exponents of *l'art pour l'art*. This, however, is a detail, in no way interfering with the general impression of the book as the work of a scholar who appreciates the deep significance of literary history, and who, with a clear understanding of its value for national events, perceives its intense meaning as the expression of the individual soul. That is why the men and women who have played in this prelude of initial reaction against Voltaire and Diderot, and classicism, and authority and restriction, stand out as living human beings burning with the passion of revolt and fainting with the burden of despair, yet all the while in a conscious relation to the age in which they lived and to that eighteenth century whose shackles they still wore. We see them—Rousseau and Chateaubriand, Sénancour and Nodier, Constant and Madame de Staël—walking, some hopefully, some cheerlessly, in the dark dawn. The way has been indicated, and soon we shall behold going yet further on the road of reaction, but freed from all Revolutionary terror, the band of young romanticists strong in the consciousness of their own power, and aglow with the ardour of ideals and the richness of life.

George S. Hellman.

II.

"Private Life of the Sultan."

The Sultan of Turkey has come in for his share of biographies among those which have appeared on the reigning sovereigns of Europe, but none of the Boswells of him whom Gladstone styled the Great Assassin has been quite so frank as M. Georges Dorys, whose *Private Life of the Sultan*, the publication of which has recently created a sensation in Europe, will soon be issued in this country. That this is also the opinion of the Sultan himself is evident from the fact that the Padishah has not only exerted his influence in diplomatic channels to have the book suppressed in all European countries—being successful only in Sweden—but has since had the Turkish courts condemn to death the author, who, happily for him, took the precaution to flee to Paris before Abdul-Hamid had a chance of becoming acquainted with the contents of his book.

The name "Georges Dorys" is a pseudonym only. The author's father, the late Prince of Samos, was one of the Sultan's ministers, and at one time governor of Crete. His son, therefore, has mingled, since his childhood, with the extraordinary political world which ferments around Yildiz Palace, and he has had, more recently, exceptional opportunities for obtaining palace news at first hand in his capacity as correspondent of important English newspapers, including the London *Times* and the London *Chronicle*. When, however, he became an active member of the Young Turk party he attracted to himself the unwelcome attentions of the Sultan and was forced to take refuge in France, where he wrote his book.

It is a terrible picture M. Dorys draws. We see nothing here of the wise, enlightened ruler seeking to redeem Turkey from its position of European Sick Man, whom other biographers have painstakingly striven to depict. He shows us, on the contrary, a monster, hating, and detested by, his own relatives and offspring; another Borgia; the self-appointed executioner of many innocent persons in his own palace, to say nothing of the thousands believed to have been massacred by his orders in the streets of his capital and in the provinces; the jailer of his own brother, whose throne he usurped; the strangler of Turkey's newborn constitution; a poltroon, afraid of his own shadow; a miser, leaving his own family in want while he himself is immensely rich; an ignoramus, unable even to spell correctly, yet possessing Chinese cunning, and stopping at nothing to accomplish his purpose; a terror-stricken monomaniac, hourly expecting the assassin's knife or bullet; a nervous wreck, kept alive only by immense power

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of will, and eccentric to a degree not far removed from that of the crazy King Ludwig of Bavaria. This, M. Dorys tells us, is Abdul-Hamid II., the ruler of forty-two millions of people.

M. Dorys lifts the veil from every phase of the existence led by the Padishah in his gilded palace, which is really a strong fortress, built to protect him against attack. He shows the Sultan living in constant fear of poison, and having cats and dogs and even his own staff taste his food before he partakes of it. He pictures him as having a horror of darkness, and keeping Yildiz Park lighted all night in consequence; terrified by the stillness of night, and ordering armed guards to tramp ceaselessly up and down outside his bedroom window; in constant apprehension of attack, and ever ready to draw one of the three revolvers with which he is always armed on the most inoffensive persons; loving cheap literature, and gloating over stories of blood and violence; suspecting all around him, and exiling and putting to death every one against whom he has a real or imaginary grievance; and as in Turkey there is no appeal beyond Cæsar, his victims, says M. Dorys, are rarely heard of again once they fall into his power. The story of his early intrigues, including dealings in the black art, to gain the throne, is interesting:

Prince Abdul-Hamid, so passionately envious of the throne, followed the progress of his brother's malady [Sultan Murad V.] with great anxiety, in which brotherly concern did not enter in the least; and there is little doubt that he secretly rejoiced at it, and engaged in illegal practices in the hope of hastening its progress. But here arises an historical question which is still to-day, and perhaps will always remain, a cruel enigma. According to the statements of persons worthy of credence who lived at that time at the palace, the heir-presumptive, after making sure of the complicity of the persons in the service of his brother, the Sultan, employed other criminal means, having no connection with magic, to make the invalid's condition worse. We affirm nothing, leaving the responsibility of these assertions to those who have accused Abdul-Hamid.

The chapter devoted to Yildiz Palace is also instructive, throwing, as it does, a new light upon the Sultan's method of dealing with his prisoners.

Persons accused of more or less serious crimes by spies are, on the Sultan's order, examined at Yildiz by chamberlains or secretaries, who act as inquisitors rather than as examining magistrates. Very frequently Abdul-Hamid is present, but invisible, at these judicial examinations, and he follows the course of the examination himself, hidden behind a curtain. Usually, during these examinations, the defendants are "put to the question," as it is done in the State prisons or in the dungeons of the barracks at Tach-Kichla. And the tortures, by means of which they extort alleged confessions or denunciations of accomplices, are of the most odious cruelty.

There are some that are novel, as, for instance, that invented and recommended to the Yildiz executioners by Kiathané Imamy, the Sultan's buffoon, which consisted in putting gradual pressure on the sensitive parts of the body, and which has the advantage of causing horrible suffering, yet rarely proving fatal; however, several prisoners subjected to it, unable to stand the pain, expired in the executioner's hands. Another punishment, also new and more atrociously refined, consists in the application of eggs, boiling hot, under the arm-pits. There is no agony more intense, it is said; and the suffering it causes upsets one's constitution so profoundly and wrecks so utterly the nervous system that the unfortunates condemned to submit to it are soon seized with madness.

It is rare that the Sultan formally orders the death of any one. Sure of being understood by a hint, his capital sentences are almost always delivered in ambiguous and hypocritical language. A phrase very moderate in tone, expressing a vague desire like this, "I do not want to have this individual in my empire," is considered clear enough by the zealous executors of the master's secret wishes.

That the Sultan is in a chronic state of bankruptcy is not difficult to understand when one realises what he spends.

The monthly salary list of the staff at Yildiz represents a sum of £35,000 Turkish. Daily the imperial kitchens alone prepare at Yildiz for each meal 1700 *tavlas* (large dishes, containing enough for several persons). These figures are too eloquent in themselves to call for any comment. Let us add, also, that the Sultan has a yearly grant from the State of £736,000 and an income of £400,000 more from his immense estates, making in all a yearly income of nearly £1,200,000. Nor is this all, for it does not include the interest on capital deposited in different banks abroad. No one knows the exact amount of these foreign investments, but they are approximately estimated at £3,600,000. The allowances of the princes and princesses, meagre enough and paid irregularly, are deducted from the Sultan's civil list. Sometimes the payment of the grant he receives from the State is subjected to more or less delay, but it goes without saying that these arrears are settled before those of the salaries of the unfortunate officials and employés of the Turkish Empire, whom the Minister of Finance leaves more and more frequently in the deepest distress.

Abdul-Hamid has a marked predilec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion for animals. He possesses a fine menagerie in Yildiz Park, and his Majesty sometimes carries his hobby to the extent of allowing it to take precedence of serious business of State.

In 1882 Mr. Gladstone made an important communication to Musurus Pasha on the subject of Egypt, which the Turkish ambassador immediately transmitted to Constantinople, demanding a prompt reply. He waited anxiously for three days without the Sultan giving any sign of life. During the night of the fourth day he received a cipher message. He breathed freely, thinking that at last he had the long-waited-for answer, when, to his surprise, he found the despatch only contained an order for some wild sheep which the Sultan wanted for his park!

The sovereign is also very fond of birds, and the Mikado was well inspired in sending him last year a rich and precious collection of the rarest fowl of the Empire of the Rising Sun. His preferences, above all, are for pigeons and parrots, of which he possesses hundreds of couples. At each step in Yildiz one comes across well-filled aviaries and pigeon houses. But Abdul-Hamid is a Sultan before he is an ornithologist. One day he was in his bedroom, and one of his favourite parrots, perched on the window-sill, suddenly began to scream, "Djafer-Agha! Djafer-Agha!" The eunuch Djafer, thinking he heard his master's voice, so well was it imitated, came in obedience to the supposed call, which put the Padishah in such a rage that, seizing the unfortunate bird, he wrung its neck, saying: "In this palace there must be only one voice to command!"

"The Sultan," says M. Dorys, "is generally credited with being a hard worker."

It is true that he devotes almost all his time to work, but the duties of State, strictly speaking, take up only a small part of the time; and that is why, in spite of the master's daily industry, current affairs drag on for months and often years.

The following description of one of the imperial luncheons is amusing:

Those privileged persons who have the *entrée* to Yildiz may see every day, about ten o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon, a curious ceremony. Two men, wearing the *stambouline,* carry past, like a host, a small, four-legged table three feet long by about half that width. It is covered with a cloth, and has on it the imperial service. Next comes a valet with a large tray filled with the dishes prepared for the Sultan, the whole covered with a black cloth, and the ends of which are sealed with the Kelardji's seal. Behind marches a domestic, carrying the bread basket, and he in turn is followed by a fifth, who grasps religiously a water-bottle, enclosed in a red case, and also sealed. At the passage of the imposing procession all those who meet it stop and bow with marks of the greatest respect. The small door of the Sultan's private residence, where lackeys are waiting, opens, and the imperial menu is received by the Kelardji, who breaks the seals before his Majesty, and presents him with the dishes.

Abdul-Hamid always eats alone, and his meals last only a few minutes. He touches lightly a few dishes, and has the remainder carried to this and that courtier. It goes without saying that the honour of receiving the crumbs from the imperial table is a most appreciated favour. Sometimes the despot, seized with a sudden suspicion, orders the Kelardji to taste the dish served him under the pretence of convincing him that it is badly cooked, but, in reality, to reassure himself as to its harmlessness. He also surrounds himself with cats and dogs, to which, from time to time, he gives pieces of meat before touching it himself.

The Padishah is unhappy at night-time.

Abdul-Hamid goes to bed late, as he likes to sleep as little as possible. Nightfall frightens him, and darkness terrifies him. So is the miracle of *fiat lux* realised each night in the Palace of the Padishah. The smallest rooms and the most out-of-the-way lobbies of the palace and the most distant alleys of the immense park are lighted brilliantly from twilight until dawn. If by chance he notices that a lamp has blown out, he immediately inquires into the cause of the accident, and opens a minute investigation on the subject. Moreover, it is not only on account of its darkness that he fears night, but also on account of its silence; and, in order to escape the fright that this causes him, he has the palace orchestra play until a very late hour, or else gives orders that men in his employ march ceaselessly before his room, so that the sound of their measured tramp may calm his nerves. . . .

His sleep is restless, uneasy, and he is awakened at the slightest sound. His nervous and highly strung temperament rebels against repose. The Sultan often wakes during the night, and solitude is then unbearable to him. Sometimes, merely in order to be able to talk, he summons a confidential man; at other times, seized with sudden anxiety, he sends for an adviser, and holds lengthy council with him. If he wakes with a start, frightened by a nightmare, he sends for some individual, half juggler, half sorcerer—like, for instance, the celebrated Ebul-Huda—and makes him explain the dream that has just been troubling him. Sometimes they suddenly bring him in the middle of the night an urgent report from the Minister of Police or some other important spy, and on these occasions the orders issued by his Majesty are marked by the greatest severity.

Often he suddenly leaves his bed, and, going out on one of the terraces, sweeps the sea, the nearby mountains and the vast horizon with a night-glass, as if to make sure for himself that all is quiet and that no enemy is marching unawares on Yildiz, the immense

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

park of which is patrolled by a company of the Imperial Guard all night long.

The book has a chapter descriptive of the imperial harem. Owing to its great cost, polygamy is fast disappearing in Turkey, and nowadays the pashas who can afford the luxury of a harem are few in number. "It goes without saying," says M. Dorys, "that first among these privileged beings we find the Commander of the Faithful, who, in fact, owns a living collection of the most precious specimens of Oriental beauty." The author tells how the women are procured, and describes in detail their daily life in the seraglio, wretched victims of a monomaniac whom they fear rather than love.

James T. Howard.

III.

THE NEW ROWFANT CATALOGUE.

Once in a while there appears a book which is strictly for the elect—not a sumptuous volume for any one with money to buy, nor a work of profundity which any one with brains may devour, nor even a book of technicalities for a little circle of snobs—but a book for the certain few who are chosen, and these know when the call comes, and they obey and read.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has shown his appreciation of his late father-in-law in his preface to the new Rowfant catalogue which is printed by Charles Whittingham and Company, London, at the Chiswick Press, and a limited supply of which is handled in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. The volume, which is no insignificant one in size and substance, contains a list with many interesting notes concerning the printed books, manuscripts, autograph letters, etc., collected since the printing of the first catalogue in 1886 by the late Frederick Locker Lampson. Mr. Birrell sees in Locker's characteristics as book-collector and book-lover the traits which as a poet made him the laureate of "good society." Praed was his predecessor—Mr. Dobson has said that Praed was laureate of that "charmed circle" in his day; and Mr. Dobson should know, for he is certainly Locker's true successor and the reigning laureate, his dominion being over those whom he calls "those latter-day Athenians, who, in town and country, spend their time in telling or hearing some new thing, and whose graver and deeper impulses are subordinated to a code of artificial manners." But both the laureate and the audience have become more human and more true to-day than they were in Praed's time, of which Mr. Dobson is writing, just as they show more tender and more human in Praed than in Prior. It was Locker, perhaps, more than any other, who introduced the sadder and sweeter note into society verse. Mr. Austin Dobson shows his fine appreciation of this and sympathy with it in the poem he contributes to this volume. As it is printed only here, and contains a touch of Mr. Dobson's criticism at its most exquisite and truest, it must be quoted entire:

"His books." Oh, yes! his books I know—
  Each worth a monarch's ransom;
But now, beside their row on row,
  I see, erect and handsome,

The courtly Owner, glass in eye,
  With half-sad smile, forerunning
Some triumph of an apt reply—
  Some master-stroke of punning.

Where shall we meet his like again?
  Where hear, in such perfection,
Such genial talk of gods and men—
  Such store of recollection;

Or where discern a verse so neat,
  So well-bred and so witty—
So finished in its last conceit,
  So mixed of mirth and pity?

Pope taught him rhythm, Prior ease,
  Praed buoyancy and banter;
What modern bard would learn from these?
  Ah, *tempora mutantur!*

The old *régime* departs—departs;
  Our days of mime and mocker,
For all their imitative arts
  Produce no *Frederic Locker.*

The line "So well-bred and so witty" expresses the sum and substance of what society-verse was before Locker, while the rhyming line, "So mixed of mirth and pity," strikes at the heart of the advance upon his predecessors which makes all society-verse since Locker wrote a dif-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferent and deeper thing. Locker himself admitted all light and lyrical poetry under the head of "society-verse," but there is real reason for following Mr. Dobson's lead in making the term more definite and much more limited. It must always be light and somewhat artificial, always graceful, easy and refined; but there is no reason why all humorous verse of a certain standard of merit should be included, nor even the closely kindred forms of parody and delicate satire. These may or may not be society-verse in what Mr. Dobson calls its "stricter sense." We are in need of a symposium to decide just what we do mean by this term. Perhaps it is best to be decided by knowing whom to include as society poets. In a poem on Pope, Mr. Austin Dobson asks, "Was he a poet?" and his answer is.

"Yes, if that be what
Byron was certainly and Bowles was not."

By this manner of definition, who are the society poets? If we put Horace as the first and greatest, shall we include his latest moderniser, Eugene Field? If we do not date the succession from Theocritus, shall we include his best poetic translator, Calverley? And how of his best translator in prose, Mr. Andrew Lang?

Mr. Lang contributes a poem which is also included in this catalogue, and which may serve to get us back again to Locker and his books. Locker was the very soul of society's true poet, perhaps even more so than Praed, because his note was deeper and his sympathy was wider. It is not necessary to limit society's poet to the cold brilliancy and utter superficiality of Praed, any more than it is necessary to limit "good society" to that particular portion of it which is not good. Personally Locker was almost the ideal of what a society poet ought to be; wealth, birth and breeding may be enough to make one a mere member of "good society," but society's poet should represent it at its best, and with Locker's own exquisite taste. He need not of necessity be the collector of drawings and of china that Locker Lampson was, but he should at least be a bibliophilist. Mr. Birrell, in his preface to the catalogue, shows how interlinked are the characteristics of book-collector, book-lover and society poet:

> Mr. Locker's collections were the natural outcome of a fastidious taste. He was the least voracious of connoisseurs. The Rowfant Library began with rare little volumes of poetry and the drama, published from about 1590 to 1610. He loved good verses with an undying affection; he pondered over stanzas, and mourned any metrical lapse on the part of a favourite with the truest feeling. Loving poetry as he did with an appreciation so delicate and so personal, and having probably inherited the virtuoso's whim, it was natural enough that he should be impelled to shelter under his roof the earliest editions in the finest condition of the books he loved. . . . His face, one of exquisite refinement, was a study, exhibiting alike a determination to discover the exact truth, however humiliating, and the most humorous realisation of the inherent triviality of the whole business.

In addition to a fine portrait of Locker, there is a frontispiece of Rowfant, which emphasises more than anything else could do the air of refinement and artistic ease which characterise the absolute society poet. The catalogue is too rich in rare and wonderful old books to make it possible to mention any in special. Mr. Dobson, in the poem quoted above, says that Locker learned his art from Pope, Praed and Prior. The facts of the alphabet bring these three names next each other and furnish a characteristically interesting page. Pope's "Ode for Musick," 1713, folio, suggests a stimulating note, beginning, "The *Dunciad* has been considered by many critics the finest of all Pope's poetical efforts, not excluding the *Rape of the Lock*;" and this makes us wonder again about Pope's relation to society verse. Besides a first edition of Praed there is an Editor's Edition, of which only fifty copies were printed, but of which Mr. Locker has his presentation copy with a personal letter given in the notes. An unauthorised first edition of Prior, 1707, and seven other editions of various poems of Prior are curious and interesting, too, but it is cold consolation to read about these books for those who may not even see them. The value of this catalogue, however, is not merely that it does throw light on Locker's character on the side of his great hobby, but, taken with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

catalogue of 1886, it contains much valuable side suggestion for the genuine book-collector and book-lover.

Henry David Gray.

IV.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "KIM."*

Probably every reader of THE BOOKMAN has at some time in the last six months asked some other BOOKMAN reader, "Are you reading *Kim* serially?" and the other has, of course, made the inevitable reply, "I have tried to, but somehow I don't seem to be able to get into it." And then the two have put their heads together and asked each other confidentially what it was all about, finally coming to the conclusion that they did not know, but that they might possibly be able to decide when the story appeared in book form. And there, in a nutshell, you have the whole case of Mr. Kipling's latest book. His "last book" seems to have been written about three years ago.

There are two ways in which a reviewer for THE BOOKMAN might write about *Kim*. It might be treated merely as one of the extraordinarily large crop of autumn novels, relegated to the department called Novel Notes, and dismissed with two or three hundred words of cursory explanation. In that case one would probably find some very pleasant words to say. The author would be applauded for his very minute and exact knowledge of Asiatic life and Oriental superstition. He would be told, perhaps with a certain bumptious impertinence, that he had not written a novel, and a large amount of advice would be ladled out to him in a few words. His style might have caused one to think twice about the book, but the chances are that it would have been "passed on" and then promptly forgotten, as are the general run of mediocre novels in the office of the literary magazine. However, one cannot very well do that. Whatever *Kim* may be, it is Mr. Kipling's.

There was, once upon a time—somehow it seems very many years ago—a young man who left his home in English India and came to Europe and America, bringing with him a dressing-case, filled with the manuscripts of marvellous tales about soldiers and civilians. He went through the conventional rough experience which befalls most literary aspirants. He knocked at editors' doors, and was kept waiting in the anteroom. His manuscripts were glanced at briefly and loftily. He was told that they were too short, or too long, or that they lacked "the love interest," or that nobody knew or cared anything about India anyway; and, worse still, many of them were probably very often handed back to him without any comment or criticism whatever. Occasionally, however, a story or a bit of stray verse found its way into print; and after a time a few discerning literary men began calling people's attention to the real promise and the remarkably original work being done by a young man by the name of Kipling. Some of his stories, which had appeared in obscure newspapers in India, were gathered together and made into books in England; and for one of these volumes an introduction was written by no less a literary personage than Mr. Andrew Lang, who prophesied that, although Rudyard Kipling would never make any great popular success, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that his work would always be appreciated by a select few.

Suddenly fame came. The Man from Nowhere began to be talked about everywhere; his books were passed from hand to hand, and people were telling one another that a new star had risen in the literary sky—a star of the first magnitude. All the English-reading world seemed to catch the mood, and Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver and Mulvaney and Ortheris and Lleroyd became by-words. Here was a young genius caught in the open and brought in to overturn the old order of things. He came defiantly and imperiously. He scattered broadcast his treasures of wit and humour and observation. He laughed at tradition; began at the beginning or at the middle or at the end, as suited him; he flung before you descriptions of the East that made you smell its incense, hear its sounds and feel all its mystery and wonder. Everything seemed to be done without effort; there never was any straining after effect; words rushed, all hot and flaming and poignant, from his pen. He made you

*Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

share with him the sheer joy and gaiety of life, or he led you, shuddering, to the very edge of some fearful abyss. That, in a word, was the Mr. Kipling of other days whom men deservedly called great. Unfortunately, it is not the Mr. Kipling of to-day.

It should be understood that mediocre and meaningless as *Kim* is, it is not to be classed with some of Mr. Kipling's other recent literary efforts—especially with some attempts at verse of which he has of late been guilty. For instance, there was "The Lesson," an alleged poem, which treated of England's political and military mistakes in the war in the Transvaal. Now, "The Lesson" was absolutely and flatly unspeakable bosh. We are quite serious and sincere when we say that as a poem it was as senseless as the average poetical effusion of Mr. J. Gordon Coogler. Of course, *Kim* is nothing like this. Here and there in the book there are little bits of dialogue, fragments of description, of which Mr. Kipling alone is capable. Only the virile spirit to give them life seems lacking. When we meet Kim of the Rishti he is sitting astride of a cannon outside the Lahore Museum; a brown-skinned, vernacular-speaking little Oriental, whose Caucasian blood shows only in the manner in which he reviles and tyrannises over his native comrades. His father had been Kimball O'Hara, a young colour sergeant of the Irish Regiment of the Mavericks, and his mother a nursemaid in a colonel's family. She died of cholera, and O'Hara fell to drink, then drifted away to learn the taste of opium, and finally to die as poor whites die in India. His estate at his death consisted of three papers—one he called his "Ne varietur," because those words were written below his signature thereon, and the other his "clearance certificate." The third was Kim's birth certificate. And these were the things he used to say in his glorious opium hours that would yet make little Kimball a man. As we find Kim at first, we find him pretty much throughout the book. He is a typical Kipling boy, a gutter brother to Jakin and Lew, the little drummers, who marched to their death in the story of "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," who were in turn cousins to the Gavroche of *Les Misérables*. The most striking characteristic in the Kipling gamin is his spirit of insubordination. The expression, in some manner or other, of this spirit of insubordination seems to be his chief joy. If ladies pet him and make much of him, he waits until their backs are turned, and then finds huge delight in caustic criticism of their looks and morals. If he is attached to the army in some capacity or other, he will obey explicit orders well enough, but it is purely a limited obedience, born of an innate *esprit de corps*. After his insubordination there is his intimate and precocious acquaintance with matters of which he ought to know nothing. Kim, like Jakin and Lew, had at his tongue's end a fund of the most astounding profanity. He was ready with strange oaths in English and stranger oaths in the vernacular. He had an easy and comfortable acquaintance with places, the very mention of which would have caused shudders of horror to have run up and down the spinal columns of his preceptors. But Kim, unlike Jakin and Lew, possessed a deep reverence, which came of his Oriental training. It was this reverence which caused him to desert the alleys and bazaars of Lahore, and, partly as guide and partly as servitor, to follow the fortunes of a wandering lama from Tibet. The story tells of a Buddhistic legend of how Buddha, making a trial of strength with the bow and arrow against all comers, overshot all other marks, the arrow passing far and far beyond sight. At last it fell; and, where it touched earth, there broke out a stream which presently became a river, whose nature is that whoso bathes in it washes away all taint and speckle of sin. It is of this river that the lama is in search, and together he and Kim wander about India, huddled in third-class railway carriages or sleeping in the open under the stars. In the course of time they stumble upon the Irish Regiment in which Kim's father, years before, had been a colour sergeant. By the three inherited papers which Kim carries in a bag, which he wears around his neck, the paternity of the boy is discovered; and, despite his strenuous objections, he is adopted by the regiment, and finally sent away to be educated at a school in Lucknow. There are in Kim wonderful natural talents for the work of the Indian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Secret Service; and these talents, which have been sharpened in early years by his share in the intrigues of native life, are soon perceived by those who have taken charge of his career. In one of his vacations he is sent to stay for a time with an Englishman named Lurgan, whose business it is to train men, both English and natives, for the work of the Secret Service, and there his powers of observation are systematically developed.

Through the afternoons he and the Hindu boy would mount guard in the shop, sitting dumb behind a carpet bale or a screen, and watching the many and very curious visitors who came to buy curiosities. There were small Rajahs, their escorts coughing in the veranda, who came to buy curiosities—phonographs and French mechanical toys. There were ladies in search of necklaces, and men, it seemed to Kim—but his mind may have been vitiated by early training—in search of the ladies; natives from independent and feudatory courts, whose ostensible business was the repair of broken necklaces—rivers of light poured out upon the table—but whose real end seemed to be to raise money for angry Maharanees or young Rajahs. There were Babus, to whom Lurgan Sahib talked with austerity and authority, but at the end of each interview he gave them money in coined silver and currency notes. There were occasional gatherings of long-coated theatrical natives, who talked metaphysics in English and Bengali, to Mr. Lurgan's great edification. He was always interested in religion. At the end of the day Kim and the Hindu boy—whose name varied at Lurgan's pleasure—were expected to give a detailed account of all that they had seen and heard—their view of each man's character, as shown in his face, talk and manner, and their notions of his real business. After dinner Lurgan Sahib's fancy turned more to what might be called dressing-up, in which game he took the most informing interest. He could paint faces to a marvel; with a brush dab here and a line there changing them past recognition. The shop was full of all manner of dresses and turbans, and Kim was apparelled variously as a young Mohammedan of good family, an oilman, and once—which was a joyous evening—as the son of an Oudh landholder in the fullest of full dress. Lurgan Sahib had a hawk's eye to detect the least flaw in the make-up.

Throughout his school days Kim has kept up his friendship with the lama—indeed, it was the lama who had furnished the money that had enabled Kim's English guardians to send him to St. Xavier's, instead of to a cheaper and inferior school—and when he is thought to be fitted to begin work at the Great Game and receive a minor official position, he and the lama begin again their wanderings about India, Kim to gather information and to communicate with his fellow-workers of the Secret Service, and the lama to search untiringly for the river of the arrow. A character who recalls in a measure the Kipling of other days is Hurree Babu. In him we have the deliciously pompous speech of the educated Asiatic.

Hurree Babu snapped his fingers with irritation. "Of *course* I shall affeeliate myself to their camp in supernumerary capacity as perhaps interpreter or person mentally impotent and hungree, or some such thing. And then I must pick up what I can, I suppose. That is as easy for me as playing Mister Doctor to the old lady. Onlee—onlee—you see, Mister O'Hara, I am, unfortunately, Asiatic, which is a serious detriment in some respects. And *all*so I am Bengali—a fearful man."

"God made the hare and the Bengali. What shame?" said Kim, quoting the proverb.

"It was process of Evolution, *I* think, from Primal Necessity, but the fact remains in all its *cui bono*. I am, oh, awfully fearful—I remember once they wanted to cut off my head on the road to Lhassa. (No, I have never reached to Lhassa.) I sat down and cried, Mister O'Hara, anticipating Chinese tortures. I do not suppose these two gentlemen will torture me, but I like to provide for possible contingency with European assistance in emergency." He coughed, and spat out the cardamoms. "It is purely unoffeecial request, to which you can say 'No, Babu.' If you have no pressing engagement with your old man—perhaps you might divert him; perhaps I can seduce his fancies—I should like you to keep in Departmental touch with me—till I find those sporting coves. I have great opeenion of you since I met my friend at Delhi. And also I will embody your name in my offeecial report when matter is finally adjudicated. It will be a great feather in your cap. That is why I come really."

Hurree Babu is also employed in playing the Great Game; and he and Kim lay plans for the discomfiture of a Russian and a Frenchman, who were spying and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conspiring in Northern India. They succeed in effectually worrying the strangers, in rousing their retinue of natives to mutiny, and in stealing the plans and papers which have been acquired after months of labour. In an outburst of passion the Russian strikes the venerable lama, and it is the shame of this blow that hastens the old man's death. With this death the story ends, and the history of Kim's later career is left to the imagination of the reader. And there you have *Kim,* a jumble of native phrases, of extraneous conversations, of Eastern mysticism, redeemed and brought into a certain concrete form by that craft which Mr. Kipling could not fail to acquire in the years of his apprenticeship and of his genius. It is all so cold, so dead, so lifeless. Mr. Kipling seems to have gone raking through the cinders of his youth in search of the bits of half-burned coals with which to make a little flame and warmth. The old spontaneous fire seems so irrevocably gone.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

Hall Caine's "The Eternal City."

Three or four years ago I read in a prominent English magazine that Mr. Hall Caine's position in present-day literature was one that could only be compared with that of a prophet in Israel, or a vates in Rome. It was an awe-inspiring statement, and the critic wrote with every appearance of really meaning what he said. I have often regretted that I could not take Mr. Hall Caine in that way. To me he has always seemed a painstaking melodramatist of some cleverness, using the form of the novel in preference to that of the transpontine drama, and exceptionally fortunate in his publishers and their press-agents. He has also done one indirect service to literature. Owing to the independence given to him from his enormous sales, and being, I should imagine, a skilful business man—as well as a "vates"—he has been able to dictate his own terms to publishers, and thus do notable service for his brother author against the oppressor by raising the business and status of the literary profession. If we are not quite such slaves as we were, we owe it in some measure to the luck or skill of Mr. Hall Caine; and if we fail in proper gratitude for his novels, let us not forget that they have thus indirectly contributed to the interests of literature.

I believe I have read them all, for I have now been a reviewer for many years. One of them I distinctly remember liking. It was *The Deemster*—a book in which Mr. Caine came as near to being a real romancer as he will ever get. *The Manxman* was, comparatively, a crude imitation, in more glaring colours and coarser outlines, of *The Deemster.* It was made for a larger public, and, no doubt, had its reward. But *The Deemster* was another matter. No doubt my feeling for it is somewhat enriched by my recollections of Mr. Wilson Barrett's beautiful acting in the dramatised version, *Ben-my-Chree;* but, making allowances for those associations, I am inclined to think that *The Deemster* is not so far away from being a real book as Mr. Caine's other books assuredly are.

It possessed in considerable degree two qualities essential for a true romance which, in my judgment, Mr. Caine's novels have never possessed before or since: the quality of reality and the quality of poetry. Though it was cast in a Hugoesque mould, it possessed, too, a quality of originality, not entirely to be accounted for by the unfamiliar local colour, and fairly attributable to Mr. Caine himself. You felt that here was a man writing about people he knew, and about places he knew, not merely with a note-book knowledge, but with an intimacy that went deep down into the ground, almost a racial intimacy; and there was over the book a sense of Celtic melancholy and isolation, a romantic loneliness, as of a little haunted island all by itself, listening night and day in a wilderness of sea. It had, too, a novel and striking story to tell, and it told it well.

Now, all these qualities possessed by *The Deemster* are conspicuously lacking in Mr. Caine's other novels. Those other novels possess no reality and no poetry; and for the simple reason that Mr. Caine does not really know what he is writing about—know it in his marrow, so to say—as he did when he was writing *The Deemster.* Instead, he takes a note-book (and, may I say, a copy of Buchanan's *God and the Man*) to Iceland, and pro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duces *The Bondman;* he takes his note-book to Cairo, and produces *The Scapegoat;* he takes his note-book to London, and produces *The Christian;* he takes his note-book to Rome, and produces *The Eternal City*—all books without a particle of real truth or beauty in them. Such "truth" as there is, is mere eye-in-a-hurry observation—when it is not Baedeker—and such "poetry" as there may be, is merely the commonplace of stage heroism and tears.

Mr. Caine, like one or two other novelists, has fallen a victim—perhaps a clever, willing victim—to the "epical idea" of the modern novel. As once he learnt from Hugo, he would now tread in the footsteps of Zola. But Zola, with all his faults, is not Hall Caine. Zola is a massive, sincere, prophetically moral personality. Really, I think, one might call him a "vates." He is a missionary of the novel, much as long ago Ben Jonson in his day was a missionary of the Elizabethan drama. He is sometimes an artist by accident—as great preachers are apt to be—but never by design. Neither is Mr. Caine an artist; but, then, he is not a great preacher, either. He is a literary craftsman who is clever enough to see that, if the reality has a sale, there is always a sale for the skilful imitation. If Zola did not invent the evangelistic novel, he has made the most vigorous use of it. Filled with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," he has fulminated novels which, if they have small literary importance, have had an enormous moral influence upon his time. Zola is a modern reality. Mr. Hall Caine is a mediocre novelist, exploiting the methods and enthusiasm of his day for the purpose of—delighting (at one fell edition!) one hundred thousand readers.

The way to become "great" as a modern novelist is not, wisely, to write of "the little things he cares about"—little things like the Isle of Man, for example—but to choose some subject far bigger than yourself, and treat it as though you considered it far smaller. People are, naturally, interested in big subjects; and when they see a writer attacking one of them—such is the simplicity of human nature—they are apt to think that he must be a big fellow too.

London and modern Christianity! There's a subject for you. Hire the Adelphi Theatre, and do the thing crudely enough, with lots of limelight—and call it *The Christian!* Well, you must be a fool if you cannot strike oil with that. It won't matter if your pictures of London life are the cheapest tin-types, your characters the old worn stock company of sentimentalism and idealism, your "moral" theme the platitudes of the Kingsley-Newman period; your book will "go" all the better for that—though you mustn't mind one thing. You are almost certain to be called a "vates."

Now, what Mr. Caine kindly did for London he has recently been doing for Rome. There was, of course, a still richer field for his operations. To begin with, what a title ready to hand!—like an oil-well there for centuries, but only just turned to advantage. "The Eternal City!" Of course, everybody wants to read about Rome—especially tourists. The same wise instinct which prompted Mr. Caine to write a guide-book to the Isle of Man did not fail him when he thought of his sentimental Baedeker to "The Eternal City." Think of all the pilgrims who "flock" all the time to the shrine of St. Peter. It would be almost inhuman of them, after this, to go there without a copy of *The Eternal City* in their hands.

Then, in addition to this sentimental, archæological value of the title, there is the valuable subject-matter of modern political struggle in Italy—that Gordian knot of ecclesiasticism, bureaucracy, militarism, socialism and anarchy, all fighting and biting for their lives—subject-matter already so much more finely and authoritatively treated: but no matter! Think of the sentimental riches of the subject!

A sentimental city.

A sentimental Pope.

A sentimental reformer—of a very old school.

A weak king.

An "unscrupulous" prime minister.

A weak, beautiful woman, his victim—but pure in heart; beginning as a diplomatic spy upon the sentimental reformer, and ending—long before the end—as his wife.

A plot of the wildest melodramatic carpentry, in which the sentimental reformer turns out to be a long-lost son of the sentimental Pope, and in which no hackneyed device of situation, complica-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, or no single, time-honoured supernumerary is omitted.

And, of course, a bread riot.

And a touching death scene.

And—AN EPILOGUE.

Among those supernumeraries just mentioned, I certainly must not forget the good-natured giant, Bruno—humorous as only Mr. Caine's "comic relief" can be humorous—with whom the revolutionary Rossi lodges; and the "property" children who come on and say the Lord's Prayer and talk Mr. Caine's idea of baby-talk—and make you wish even for *The Heavenly Twins*—at stated intervals. That one of those small darlings should be shot during a bread riot was so certain that I couldn't cry, as I felt I ought to, when the expected happened.

Then I must not forget Roma's and David's love letters—particularly Roma's. Mr. Hall Caine's idea of a beautiful woman in love is still very—Manx. If Roma's letters had not been signed by her own name, I could have sworn they had been written by Glory Quayle. There is the same hippopotamic nonsense—talk, the same iteration—no doubt exquisitely feminine—of interjectional phrases, such as "Stop him! Stop him! Stop him!" "I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!" "Do! Do! Do!" "You can't! You can't!"—a trick almost as apt to pall as Mr. Caine's burly Bruno's way of calling people "sonny." Sometimes Roma, I may add, varies her exclamations with "heigh-ho, nonny!" which, of course, is exquisitely Italian.

Well, out of such materials Mr. Caine has made a book which is, undoubtedly, a great—commercial—success; and I sincerely believe that Mr. Caine himself honestly thinks that he has also added one more strenuous classic to our imaginative literature.

I wish I could think so too. Nothing makes one happier than to see a really good book selling—like *The Eternal City*.

For my part, however, I find nothing in Mr. Caine's new novel to merit its being taken seriously by those who love real literature—be it as light or as heavy as you please.

The book is a common, undistinguished piece of work, done with all his might by a clever, industrious man.

Characters and plot are alike printed from hard-worn stereotype plates.

There is not a single phrase in the book to show that Mr. Caine was born to use a pen any more than that he was born to use a pickaxe; there is none of that force or felicity of statement which comes of personal freshness of observation; and the feelings and sentiments expressed are as stale as the phrases.

To discuss the book seriously as a "study" of Italian politics, or of Rome yesterday, to-day or forever, is absurd. You might as well discuss "Venice in London" at Earlscourt, or a Japanese village at the Buffalo Exhibition.

But as a second-rate melodrama with a purpose the book is deserving of praise, and I would certainly rank it higher than *The Christian*.

Richard Le Gallienne.

VI.

GILBERT PARKER'S "THE RIGHT OF WAY."*

This book is one of the most important contributions to the fiction of the day. In many respects it is one of the strongest novels which have appeared during the past three or four years, and it far surpasses anything that Mr. Parker has previously done. There is at the end a death scene, which is certain to create a great deal of discussion, and which may almost be said to challenge some of the death scenes of great fiction. It is somewhat marred, however, by one little artificial touch.

The Right of Way opens in a court-room in Montreal, where a French-Canadian, who has given his name as Joseph Nadeau, is on trial for murder. Although the evidence is purely circumstantial, it is obviously so complete, and public sentiment is so strong against the prisoner, who has refused to tell even his counsel whence he came or anything about his origin, that conviction seems a foregone conclusion. In fact, the trial drags on rather listlessly, and the element of uncertainty would be entirely lacking were not the lawyer for the defence Charley Steele, who, with the imperturbable insolence which is his chief characteristic, seems to do nothing on the first and second days of the trial but exasperate the judge, the jury and the public.

*The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The second day ends gloomily for the prisoner. The coil of evidence has drawn so close that extrication seems impossible. Meanwhile, his counsel seems to be conducting the case perfunctorily, sketching upon the blotting-pad in front of him or glancing idly toward a group of fashionably dressed ladies. Only at the very close of the day's sitting does Steele appear to rouse himself.

> Then, for a brief ten minutes, he cross-examined a friend of the murdered merchant in a fashion which startled the court-room, for he suddenly brought out the fact that the dead man had once struck a woman in the face in the open street.

The morning of the third day finds Steele showing just a little interest. He exchanges a few words with the prisoner, and takes an occasional note. In the afternoon the crown attorney makes out a merciless case against the prisoner. Steele rises to reply. Of a sudden a great change comes over him. There is no longer abstraction, indifference or disdain. He becomes human, intimate, eager, yet concentrated and impelling; he is quietly, unnoticeably drunk. Subtly he begins his plea, skilfully sowing the seeds of doubt, taking the jury into his confidence, talking of the fallacy of purely circumstantial evidence, and, finally, at the psychological moment, startling every one by suggesting a motive for the murder utterly remote from the prisoner. Little by little public sentiment begins to veer; the jurymen look at each other questioningly; the prisoner is no longer regarded with antipathy. The judge charges briefly and unintentionally just a very little in favour of the prisoner; and, after being out but a few minutes, the jury returns with the verdict of "not guilty." A few minutes later, outside the court, the prisoner approaches his counsel, to express his thanks. Steele turns on him fiercely. "Get out of my sight," he says; "you're as guilty as hell!"

Five years elapse, bringing *ennui* and bitterness to Charley Steele. There remains about him some of the old glamour; he is still "Beauty" Steele, admired for his brilliancy and wit, but cordially disliked on account of his insolence and his railing cynicism. He has long been married to Kathleen Wantage—a marriage without love on either side. He had been drawn to her by her beauty, and she to him by his position and power. Position and power seriously threatened, for the habit of drinking quickly and secretly has taken a terrible hold on him, and in his fall he has drawn down with him his wife's brother and a weak young clergyman named John Brown. Billy rushes from folly to folly, and finally steals $25,000 of trust moneys, for which Steele is responsible. In doing so, the boy has forged his brother-in-law's name, but Steele promises to save him and to replace the money. The night after the interview Steele, with a spirit of bravado, visits a low drinking den, patronised by watermen whose enmity he has provoked by his scorn and by his attentions to the landlord's pretty daughter. Entering coolly and drinking apart, he ignores the dark glances and muttered threats of the men about him. When they begin jostling him, hoping to pick a quarrel, he turns on them and chides them, as if they were children. For a time they hold back, amazed at his coolness and awed by his contempt. Suddenly he becomes himself the aggressor, hurling at them insult after insult, deriding their religion and seemingly provoking the inevitable conflict. At length it comes. A tumbler is thrown, there is a rush, the lights go out, and somewhere in the black river is Charley Steele.

He is picked up by the man whom he defended years before, taken to the latter's home, back of a little village in Lower Canada, and nursed back to life. The injuries which he received in the struggle in the drinking den have caused a complete loss of memory, and seven months pass, during which he is utterly oblivious of everything pertaining to the outside world. When his memory is restored to him, through an operation, performed by a great French surgeon, a brother of the village curé, he learns from a newspaper that his wife, believing him dead, has married again, and that, owing to his disappearance, the crime committed by Billy has been fastened on him. So he settles down to live out the rest of his life in this little village, gradually overcoming the distrustful hostility of its people and winning to himself the love of those about him by his gentleness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and self-sacrifice. He apprentices himself to a tailor, a religious fanatic, who, wishing to save the soul of his heretical assistant, steals the iron cross from the village church, heats it and brands Steele's breast one night when the latter is sleeping. A good deal of the story at this part hinges upon the theft of the cross.

There is a young girl, Rosalie Evanturel, the daughter of the village postmaster, whose interest in Steele grows until it develops into a great love. He, too, finds in her the completion of his life, but over them both there hangs the shadow of that past of which she knows nothing. He cannot marry her, for Kathleen lives, though the wife of another, and the mother of that other's child. Only once does he go back to the surroundings of his early youth. Of a night he steals into the house which had once been his in search of certain papers and jewels which had been secreted years before. Suddenly in the darkness he becomes conscious of another presence, and, turning, he sees Kathleen, a figure in white, walking in her sleep. He follows her as she passes out of the house, swiftly crosses the lawn and then, after a moment's hesitation, moves directly toward an open gate at the edge of the cliff, above the river. Here is the great psychological moment. But for his intervention her death is certain, and there will be removed the only barrier to his happiness and that of Rosalie. But the pause lasted only a moment. His better nature asserts itself, and he slips between the sleeping woman and the gate, closes and locks it and disappears in the darkness.

It would be unfair to the reader to say anything more about the plot of this very strong and dramatic story. One cannot, however, refrain from quoting from the death-bed scene:

He suddenly raised himself on his elbow and flung his body over. The bandage of his wound was displaced, and blood gushed out upon the white clothes of the bed. "Rosalie!" he gasped. "Rosalie, my love!"

As he sank back he heard the priest's anguished voice above him, calling for help. He smiled.

"Rosalie!" he whispered. The priest ran and unlocked the door, and Rosalie entered, followed by the Seigneur and Mrs. Flynn.

"Quick! Quick!" said the priest. "The bandage slipped."

The bandage slipped! Or was it slipped? Who knows?

Blind with agony, and in a direful dream, Rosalie made her way to the bed. The sight of his ensanguined body roused her; and, murmuring his name—continually murmuring his name—she assisted Mrs. Flynn to bind up the wound again. Standing where she stood when she had stayed Louis Trudel's arm long ago, with an infinite tenderness she touched the scar—the scar of the cross—on his breast. Terrible as was her grief, her heart had its comfort in the thought—who could rob her of that forever?—that he would die a martyr. It did not matter now who knew the story of her love. It could not do him harm now. She was ready to proclaim it to all the world. And those who watched her knew that they were in the presence of a great human love.

The priest made ready to receive the unconscious man into the Church. Had Charley not said, "Tell them so"? Was it not now his duty to say the sacred offices over a son of the Church in his last bitter hour? So it was done while he lay unconscious.

For hours he lay still, and then the fevered blood, poisoned by the bullet which had brought him down, made him delirious, gave him hallucinations—open-eyed illusions. All the time Rosalie knelt at the foot of the bed, her piteous, tearless eyes forever fixed on his face.

Toward evening, with an unnatural strength, he sat up in bed.

"See," he whispered, "that woman in the corner there; she has come to take me, but I will not go."

Fantasy after fantasy possessed him—fantasy, strangely mixed with facts of his own past. Now it was Kathleen, now Billy, now Jo Portugais, now John Brown, now Suzon Charlemagne at the Côte Dorion, again Jo Portugais. In strange, touching sentences he spoke to them, as though they were present before him. At last he suddenly paused and gazed straight before him—over the head of Rosalie into the distance.

"See!" he said, pointing, "who is that? Who? I can't see his face—it is covered. So tall—so white! He is opening his arms to me. He is coming—closer—closer! Who is it?"

"It is Death, my son," said the priest in his ear with a pitying gentleness.

The curé's voice seemed to calm the agitated vision, to bring it back to the outer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

precincts of consciousness. There was an awe-struck silence as the dying man fumbled, fumbled over his breast, found his eyeglass, and, with a last feeble effort, raised it to his eye, shining now with an unearthly fire. The old interrogation of the soul, the elemental habit, outlived all else in him. The idiosyncrasy of the mind automatically expressed itself.

"I beg—your—pardon!" he whispered, and the light died out of his eyes, "have I—ever—been—introduced—to you?"

"At the hour of your birth, my son," said the priest, as a sobbing cry came from the foot of the bed.

But Charley did not hear. His ears were forever closed to the voices of life and time.

R. A. Whay.

VII.

Irving Bacheller's "D'ri and I."*

There is a very natural curiosity about the second book of an author whose first book has won a surprising success. Had Mr. Westcott lived to write another novel with which to supplement *David Harum,* and had this novel been the dullest of drivel, it would, nevertheless, have started its career with an extraordinary *élan,* and it would have been some time before it would have been found out by the general reading public. Before Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crisis* had come from the press, *Richard Carvel* had already established the popularity of the later book; and whatever were the merits and faults of the second story, they served only to make its popularity just so much more or less enduring. In a word, when a writer has won that peculiar sort of fame which comes to the author of the book of to-day, that sells into the hundreds of thousands, all he has to do is to keep it. He may not venture too far nor grow too exultantly ambitious. If Mr. Churchill, for instance, had written a great novel in *The Crisis,* he probably would have startled all people and exasperated a great many. As, however, he wrote only an excellent specimen of a good-bad novel, with some spirit, machine-made, and all the while keeping in mind the little likes and deficiencies of the countless readers of *Richard Carvel,* it is almost certain that the figures opposite *The Crisis* will go swelling in a manner that will bring joy to the hearts of the author of the book and of its publishers.

Of Mr. Bacheller's *D'ri and I,* one cannot speak in exactly the same way. Somehow or other, despite their incriminating popularity, his books do not belong to the class of pretty good, good-bad stuff. There is something in them that is not machine-made. You may criticise them as you will, say that they point no moral, and that the tale they tell is of the slightest, say that this episode or that is of no great importance, and yet you cannot get away from the fact that there runs through them a certain pleasant, yet almost undefinable, charm. What is it? Is it the atmosphere, is it the style, is it the scent of the North Woods, the odour of the wild flowers, the rush of rivers, the crackling of cabin fires, or is it in the homely speech and kindly faces of the men and women of whom his stories tell? It is hard to say just what, only it is there.

D'ri is another Eben Holden, a big, brawny, raw-boned Northwoodsman, who shoulders a musket and goes out to help fight the soldiers of King George in the War of 1812. It is his strong and kindly arm that is always flung protectingly over the shoulder of Colonel Ramon Bell, from whose memoirs the story is said to have been written. The first chapters of the tale tell of a pilgrimage through the forests of the North—in a way, just such a pilgrimage as marked the opening pages of *Eben Holden*—of a family leaving their Vermont home and working their way over rough trails and roadways toward the valley of the St. Lawrence. "There were seven of us, my father and mother, my two sisters, my grandmother, D'ri (Darius Olin), the hired man, and myself, then a sturdy boy of ten. We had an ox team and cart, that carried our provision, the sacred feather beds of my mother, and some few other things. We drove with us the first flock of sheep that ever went West. There were forty of them, and they filled our days with trouble." Before the journey's end is reached the grandmother falls ill and dies there suddenly in the deep woods, far from any village.

My father and D'ri made the coffin of planed

*D'ri and I. 1812. By Irving Bacheller. Boston: The Lothrop Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lumber, and lined it with deerskin, and dug the grave on top of a high hill. When all was ready my father, who had always been much given to profanity, albeit I know he was a kindly and honest man with no irreverence in his heart, called D'ri aside.

"D'ri," said he, "ye've alwus been more proper-spoken than I hev. Say a word o' prayer?"

"Don't much b'lieve I could," said he thoughtfully. "I hev been t' meetin', but I hain't never been no great hand fer prayin'."

" 'Twouldn't sound right nohow fer me t' pray," said my father; "I got s'kind o' rough when I was in the army."

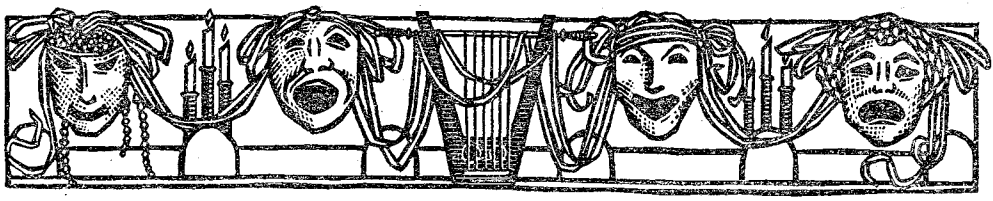
"Fraid it 'ill come a lettle unhandy fer me," said D'ri with a look of embarrassment; "but I don't never shirk a tough 'job ef it hes t' be done."

Then he stepped forward, took off his faded hat, his brow wrinkling deep, and said in a drawling preacher tone that had no sound of D'ri in it: "O God, tek care o' gran'ma. Help us t' go on careful, an' when we're riled help us t' keep our mouth shut. O God, help the ol' cart, an' the ex in pertic'lar. An' don't be noway hard on us. Amen."

In their new home the years pass quickly, and the boy Ramon becomes a man. The second war with Great Britain breaks out, and D'ri and Ramon enlist, get more than their share of the blows, undertake many perilous adventures and enjoy the excitement of many hair-breadth escapes. In the course of his experiences young Bell becomes a frequent visitor at the house of a French nobleman, a refugee from the Reign of Terror. In this house there are two young girls, Louise and Louison de Lambert, and Ramon speedily falls in love with them both. The love story, which runs through the book, is as pretty as that of Eben Holden. D'ri and Ramon are continually being captured by the British soldiers and as continually making their escape through some chance or trick. One of these experiences brings them in contact with the society of the Avengers, to whose temple, somewhere in Upper Canada, they are taken, blindfolded, and subjected to the ordeals of the sword, the slide and the bayonet. This is the strong, dramatic scene of the story, and one has little hesitation in saying that out of it almost certainly grew the scheme of the whole tale.

Firmin Dredd.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ON A CHOPIN NOCTURNE

Saddened and desolate, he sought the gleam
On that white summit where lone beauty dwelt.
He far from us some fragile marble found,
And in its snows the unreturning dream
He moulded there, and we but see it melt
As Music, into April showers of sound.

Arthur Stringer.

HERBERT SPENCER: THE MAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER

Mr. Herbert Spencer is perhaps the most distinguished European philosopher now living, and he has made the whole world his debtor in innumerable ways. Personally he is one of those men for whom admiration increases the longer he is known; and some of those who differ *longo intervallo* from our octogenarian writer honour him as much as his disciples do. It is a great achievement to be esteemed in old age, by friend and foe alike, as one of the chief contributors to the intellectual life of the world during the century that is closing.

It has been my lot to write some things, in books and casual essays, in opposition to the system of Philosophy of which Mr. Spencer is the recognised champion. All the more on that account is my admiration for what he has done for us all, and for the solid masonry of constructive work built up by him for posterity. As to differences, what matters it? We must *all* differ on many points if we are active and honest thinkers. I happen to know that some of the most appreciative estimates of Huxley—whose portrait has been drawn with admirable literary skill, as well as self-forgetful devotion, by his son—were written, not by agnostics, but by Roman Catholics. The readers of THE BOOKMAN need not, therefore, be told that appreciation of Mr. Spencer is not to be measured by an endorsement of his opinions *seriatim*.

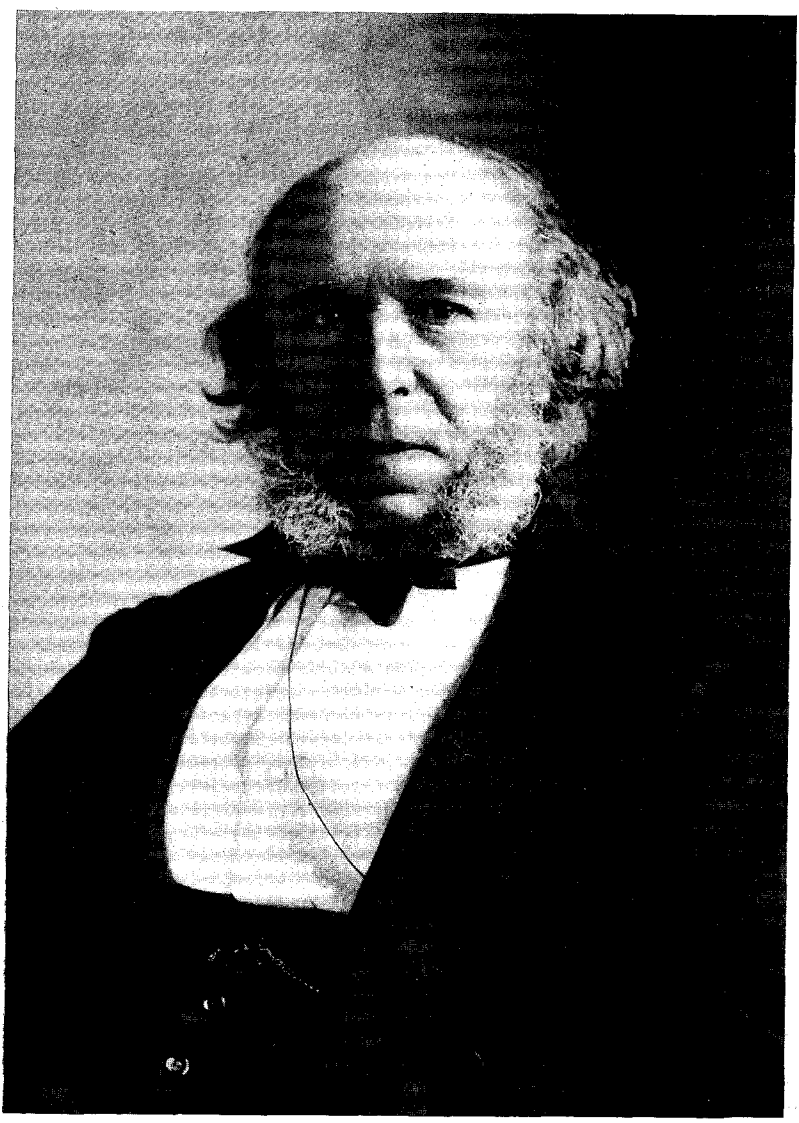
It would be impossible to discuss his work and achievements in detail in such an article as this. It would be out of place to attempt even the briefest estimate of the Synthetic Philosophy as a whole; or to indicate the grounds either of agreement with it, or of divergence from it. Fortunately for the world, there is little need of that. Mr. Spencer's completed works are now before it, in their finished form; and both Mr. Hudson and Mr. Collins have laid the students of Philosophy under a debt of gratitude for what they have done in the way of re-presenting and lucidly summarising Mr. Spencer's work. With the opinions of an individual writer on such matters the outside reading world need concern itself very little. If it would be an impertinence now to discuss the scientific merits of Darwin in a fugitive paper such as this, it would be equally foolish to deal with the philosophy of Spencer within similar limits.

The point to be signalised is the way in which he long ago seized the root idea of *Evolution*, and evolved it in many ways, through numerous intricate by-paths, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in regions which were heretofore closed against its entrance as well as its domination. What Darwin did for us in the realm of Science, Spencer has done in the sphere of Philosophy—psychological, ethical, sociological, political, etc. To make the great idea—which he never pretended to create, but only to make luminous—*fruitful,* has been his continuous aim and his everlasting achievement. To seize it, and understand its relevancy, was not difficult. Many students at the beginning and in the middle of the nineteenth century did so—just as many, within the Indian, the Greek, and the Mediæval schools had done—but to make it yield results that were verifiable, and adequately to appraise them one by one when worked out along unfamiliar lines, was a task of exceptional magnitude.

The annals of Mr. Spencer's comparatively uneventful career have been recorded, with accuracy and discrimination, in more than one periodical; and, what is much more important for posterity—his



THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

autobiography has been written. It is, therefore, unnecessary for any one at the close of the year 1901 to try to trace out the story of his life in detail. But while he is still with us, as a living power in the thought of the world, it may be useful to mention one or two facts, which will explain the illustrations accompanying this article.

Like Darwin, Mr. Spencer came from the English Midlands. His father was a teacher at Derby, and his training was scientific from the first. In languages other than his own he had no interest, and he entered into the realm of Philosophy not through the gateways of the classical world, but by the level paths of science. He had no university training, and a curious thing it is that he reached his almost encyclopædic knowledge of phenomena and their processes, and became the writer of one of the best and most exact of English styles, without any scientific knowledge of the Greek or Latin languages. At the age of seventeen, in the year 1837, he found the earliest outlet to his activity in railway engineering, and was sent to learn it on the Gloucester and Birmingham Railway.

This experience must have been to Spencer what the polishing of his optical lenses was to Spinoza. The practice of engineering can never have fascinated him, although its science attracted him for a time. But it soon led him far beyond the precincts and the laws of a special sphere of knowledge; and his acquaintance with other departments induced him to attempt the co-ordination of each to each, and the discovery of a common principle which united the whole. Long before he was twenty years of age the bent of his mind was toward a synthetic, not an analytic, view of things.

He very early assimilated the great truth of Development and of man's place as an evolved element in the cosmos. The way had been prepared for this by the growth of the separate sciences, along so many different lines, since the century began. Lamarck, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin (the grandfather of Charles), Dr. Wells, Patrick Mathew, the author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,* Professor Owen, and subsequently Baden-Powell—to mention only a few names in a long list—had seized and developed the idea, which even such a poet as Goethe had foreseen, and which the studies of Continental embryologists confirmed. Mr. Spencer's first work, however, was not on a scientific, but a philosophical problem. *The Proper Sphere of Government* appeared in 1842, when its author was twenty-two years of age. His *Social Statics* followed in 1850; and for four years afterward he contributed articles to the *Westminster Review* and other magazines. He first formulated his theory of organic Evolution in an essay on *The Development Hypotheses,* published in the same year as that in which Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared. The *Principles of Biology* was only a subsequent expansion of this early essay. A study of the subject of *Ceremonial Institutions* followed, and this gave rise to the *Principles of Sociology.* In 1855 the *Principles of Psychology* appeared, which was a further application of his root idea among a fresh set of phenomena. Two years later an essay on *Progress: Its Law and Cause,* co-ordinated his former work, and applied its ruling principle all round the circle. But these were mere anticipations of later and fuller work, the pilot-balloons of future discovery. In 1859 Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared, a book which did more to revolutionise the modern trend of scientific work than any other book of the century. It was welcomed by Spencer, as a wonderful scientific analysis; but he continued to develop his Philosophy on lines of his own, and gave it shape in a vast original synthesis. In the year 1860 he issued a prospectus of his *System of Philosophy,* designed to extend to ten volumes. In its original design it was, perhaps, the most encyclopædic attempt to co-ordinate the departments of human research since Aristotle constructed his map of the provinces of knowledge. It started from the elementary basis of the nature of all existing things, and proceeded to the evolution of organic structure, thence to the life of man; and there, first of all to his nature and development as an individual, next his relation to others in the social organism, and to the multitudinous development of his activities in Science, Art, Conduct and Religion.

I have said that Spencer is our modern Aristotle; and, like Aristotle, he has had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to delegate large portions of his work to be done for him by others, which has been most admirably performed. This great ideal, elaborated by him long ago, Mr. Spencer has carried out with patient zeal for many a year, in comparative obscurity, and with a half-appreciative public. He found, what so many others have found, that the publication of philosophical books is not remunerative; but he toiled on—as Spinoza did—totally indifferent to commercial success. He has had many years of hard labour, with few or none of the rewards of authorship; and by his patient perseverance he has set a noble example to contemporaries. What as a young man he conceived, he continued to prosecute in the mid-time of his years, and as an old man has wrought out. Where can we find an intellectual parallel to this? With a calm and serene pertinacity—not egoistic, but determined—he has elaborated further and further, as from an intellectual fortress, far above the assaults of lesser combatants, a System of the Universe which is homogeneous from first to last.

If asked to select the one book among the many he has written by which Mr. Spencer has done most for the world I would unhesitatingly say it is his *First Principles;* all the more because it contains, along with his most characteristic teaching, the largest residuum of disputable propositions. I cannot here discuss its prevailing merits, or its place in the treasure-house of English philosophical literature, and I have expressed elsewhere my dissent from much that it contains. But, while even a casual reader is struck by its width and depth—while there may be some elements in his remarkable synthesis left out—no ingenuous student can peruse and re-peruse that volume without finding himself a debtor to the man who wrote it. Idealist and Realist, Monist and Dualist, every thinker of the century must own the debt—however he may construe it. To have systematised phenomena, and unified them under a dominant principle or law or process, is surely a vast achievement and gain to all of us. It may be added that this book, *First Principles,* has been recently translated into Japanese by Mr. Fujii, and that it is looked up to as an authoritative volume in the Universities both of Russia and Roumania. I may also refer to the "succinct" statement of the cardinal principles of his successive works, which Mr. Spencer furnished in three brief pages to Mr. Howard Collins, who has written such an admirable *Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy.* We have in it and in the *Epitome* an exposition of the subject-matter of that Philosophy, concerned almost exclusively with the process of Evolution as exhibited throughout the inorganic, the organic and super-organic worlds; ignoring or treating very briefly the discussion of its metaphysical or theological bearings. As Mr. Spencer has pointed out in the Postscript to Part I. of his *First Principles,* the doctrine set forth throughout the remainder of that volume is absolutely independent of any hypothesis respecting the ultimate nature of things.

For the last three years Mr. Spencer has spent an invalided life, almost in seclusion from his contemporaries; although the monotony of that seclusion has been broken by his habit of spending the summer months in some picturesque country place. He went for many seasons to Wiltshire, and this year he lived near Midhurst, in Sussex, a district of charming scenery. But during these years he has not only completed the revision of his *Principles of Biology,* but has published a revised edition of his *First Principles.* He does not contemplate any further revision of his works. His eightieth birthday in April, 1900, brought him many sympathetic messages from friends and admirers at home and abroad, and a congratulatory address from savants in Australia and New Zealand. Last year was also noteworthy because it marked the lapse of fifty years since the completion of his first work, *Social Statics,* the preface to which is dated December, 1850. His little work on *Education*—long since translated into the principal languages of the Orient and Occident—has recently been translated into Sanskrit, while selections from his philosophy have appeared in the Arabic journal *Al Mokattan.*

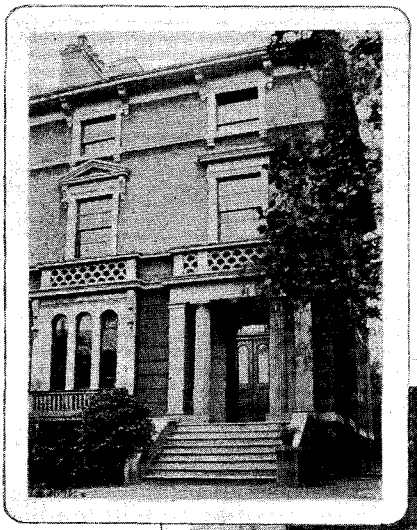
All who have the privilege of knowing him are aware of his wonderful courtesy and modesty, allied to intellectual integrity. Many members of the Athenæum Club have the pleasantest recollections of the veteran philosopher, his genial ways, his clear-sighted talk, his fair-minded-

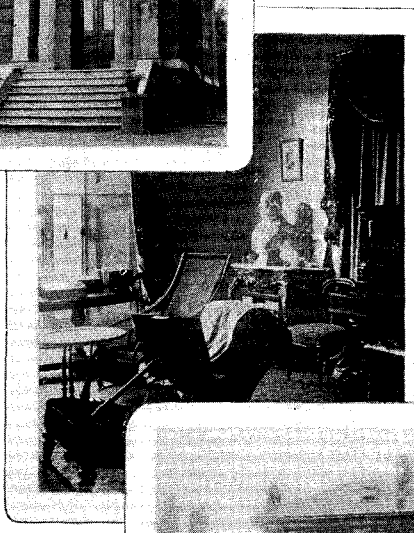
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

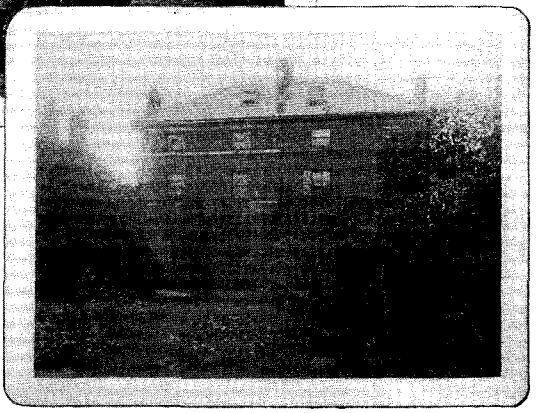
ness and his urbanity. In appearance he might be taken for a septuagenarian rather than an octogenarian. He still reads his correspondence without eyeglasses, and his hearing powers are above the average. It may interest some to know that Mr. Spencer's autobiography, already referred to, written before he went to live in London, extends to two volumes, and is now printed, although it will not be published while he lives.

In 1882 Mr. Spencer visited the United States, and spent some time in promoting an Anti-Aggressive League, the aim of which was to oppose the further expansion of the Empire. It was not successful, and the labour involved in promoting it was somewhat injurious to his health. There is doubtless much to be said on his side of the controversy, but it may be affirmed with confidence that it is not in the defence of industrialism *versus* military discipline and drill—as a safeguard of society, and the fosterer of patriotism—that Mr. Spencer's achievements have lain.

In the year 1889 he took a house in Avenue Road, near Regent's Park, London, where he lived till 1897. During these eight years he made continuous progress with the elaboration of the Synthetic Philosophy, chiefly at first in the ethical field. The *Data of Ethics* had been published so far back as June, 1879, and a fifth thousand copies of it—with an appendix, containing replies to criticisms—had been issued in 1887. In 1892 the first volume of the *Principles of Ethics* was published (in which the "Data" were reprinted as the first part), the "Inductions of Ethics" as the second, and the "Ethics of Individual Life" as third. In 1893 a second volume of the "Principles" was issued, the first part dealing with "Justice" (which, however, had been already published in 1891), the second with "Negative Beneficence," and the third with "Positive Beneficence;" these three being subsections of *The Ethics of Social Life*, as the former three were sections of *The Ethics of Individual Life*. These works completed his survey of the field of ethics; and before working out the next section of his system he engaged in a noteworthy controversy with Weismann, in a series of articles in which he demonstrated the limits of the principle of Natural Selection, and vindicated the hereditary transmission of acquired characteristics. He then returned to complete his former work on the *Principles of Sociology* by supplementary matter dealing with "Professional" and "Industrial Institutions."







THREE VIEWS OF 64 AVENUE ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, THE RESIDENCE OF HERBERT SPENCER FROM 1889-97.
I. FRONT VIEW. II. DRAWING-ROOM. III. REAR VIEW.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

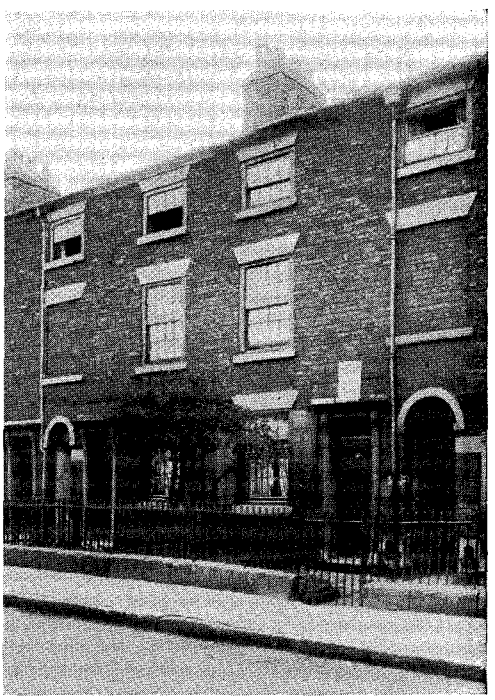
When his System of Philosophy drew near completion it occurred to many in England that a congratulatory address should be presented to him, and that his portrait should be painted for the British nation. Having throughout his life declined the offer of many addresses and titles, he was reluctant to accept this latest proposition, and tried to stop it; but when he found that those who had organised it belonged to almost every school of thought, including those who differed from him as to the very root of his Philosophy, he yielded.

Since 1871 Mr. Spencer has received the Doctor's degree from the Universities of St. Andrews, Bologna, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Buda-Pesth; he is foreign member or correspondent of the Academies of Rome, Turin, Naples, Paris, Philadelphia, Copenhagen, Brussels, Vienna, Milan; and he has the Prussian Order *Pour le Mérite*.

In conclusion, it may be said that no one who has followed Mr. Spencer's long career can fail to have noted—however much he differs from him—his supreme intellectual sincerity, and his patient scientific labour in multitudinous fields, along with his remarkable power of delegating research to fellow-workers. This has been combined with a very clear appraisal of the results reached at every stage. We have no parallel to it in the nineteenth-century work of England except in the achievements of Charles Darwin. Both men have done architectonic things, and both have been indifferent to temporary reward. There is a serene potency in the man who can isolate himself from a crowd of admirers and imitators, and devote his solitude to the continuous elaboration of a system which he himself magnificently organised. Knowing well the difference between notoriety and fame, he has been regardless of both in his devotion to knowledge for its own sake; and he will be remembered for these things by posterity as well as, or much more than, for his work as a conservative iconoclast. He has seen, as few have done, the truth of Tennyson's lines:

> He is the true conservative
> Who lops the mouldered branch away.

From his estimate of the root principle of the Idealistic Philosophy, from his doctrines of Causality, Substance and Force, from his speculative Nescience, from much in his Ethics, from his mode of classifying the Sciences, I happen to differ; but I yield to no one living in my admiration for what he has done for the world. It is surely something for a man who lives within an intellectual fortress buttressed round about by the armour-plates of modern science, and



BIRTHPLACE OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER, NO. 27 EXETER STREET, DERBY.

(Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN by Winter, Derby.)

protected by artillery of his own devising, to have lived to see so many conquests silently achieved; or, to change the illustration, that one who has sown intellectual seed in early manhood should live to see large harvests springing from it, and garnered in his age. *Sic itur ad astra.*

William Knight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POPULAR SONGS OF SPAIN

While popular songs can hardly be said to occupy an important place in the literature of other nations, in Spain they are not only the most widely spread form of art, but the only literature of the people and the best expression of its life and thoughts. The reason of this particularity is probably to be found in the reunion of two characteristics of the Spaniard—his intense artistic tastes and his sad illiteracy. The average Iberian likes poetry, but cannot read it; novels and those forms of art which are circulated by means of the printing-press do not reach him; although nearly always born in southern Spain, the popular song does not need the printing-press to reach the other end of the peninsula. Like the swift spring swallow, it flies from hamlet to hamlet, everywhere in the air, everywhere greeted with pleasure. It is sung without having ever been read or even learnt.

And what contributes to make the Spanish *copla* so popular is its marvellous adaptation to the soul of the people—that is, the simplicity of the feelings expressed in it and the power with which it expresses them. Complicated developments, "psychological analyses," are out of place in it; but, on the other hand, it shares with the highest forms of art the privilege of multiplying the channels through which the artist places himself in communication with the soul. To the mere description that a book can give, it adds the triple power of the human voice, with its significant inflexions; of music, with its stirring harmonies, and of a continual adaptation and readjustment of the features, gestures and attitude of the singer to the meaning of the words he is uttering.

But, besides the popularity which they enjoy in their native land, the Spanish songs derive a particular interest from the *couleur locale,* of which they are full. They are always Spanish, and deeply so. This cannot be said of the Spanish novel nor even of the recent drama. The modern literature of Spain is powerfully influenced by the French mind. *La Espuma,* of Valdés, might as well have been written by Zola. Between Emilia Pardo Bazán and Guy de Maupassant there is sometimes but the difference of the surroundings, and Gáldos wrote some declamatory *romans à thèse* like George Sand; but the humble authors of the songs which delight the peasants of Spain stand above all criticisms of that nature. They do not read French novels. Many of them do not read any novels at all. They draw their inspiration, not from books, but from the common people among whom they live and to whom they belong. Thus, while originality departs somewhat from the higher forms of Spanish literature, it has found a refuge in a class of productions which men of letters have for a long time contemptuously ignored. In Spain, literature and dress have had a common destiny. In the upper classes they have become nearly uniform with that of the rest of the world. In the lower classes they have preserved their national integrity. The Spaniard who wears a top hat whistles Halévy's operas and reads translations of Daudet. Those who wear *sombreros calañes* know nothing but the old songs of sunny Spain.

Ninety per cent., at least, of these are love songs. The love which they sing is not, however, the strong, calm affection sung by the Northern poets. It is a fierce and restless passion, full of suspicion and, above all, permeated with a strange, almost morbid, melancholy. Jealousy seems to be an integral part of it, and is the principal theme of many *coplas.* Some readers may object to our calling the following *carcelera* a love song. We used the word "love" for lack of a more comprehensive one.

Por matar á una mujer
Me cogió la última pena.
Me cambia el Rey la condena,
Y comienza el padecer,
Amarrado á la cadena.
¡Ay! del Ay! que del alma llega.

Campo Santo de Jerez,
Si ella en tí resuscitara,
Y á mí me soltase el Juez,
La mataria otra vez
Antes de verle la cara.
¡Ay! del Ay! que del alma llega.

For murdering a woman—I was condemned to die.—The King commuted my punishment

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—And my sufferings begin.—I am bound to the chain.—Alas! Alas! from the depth of my soul!

Cemetery of Jerez!—If she should revive in thee,—And should the judge release me,—I would kill her again,—Without even looking at her face.—Alas! Alas! from the depth of my soul!

The idea of death occurs frequently in these songs:

Me han dicho de que te casas;
Así lo dice la gente;
Y todo será en un dia,
Tu casamiento y mi muerte.
Cuando á tí te esten poniendo
La sortija de brillantes,
A mí me estaran poniendo
Cuatro velas por delante.

I have been told that thou art betrothed;—So people say,—And all will be in one day,—Thy marriage and my death.

When to thee is given—The diamond ring,—to me shall be given—Four candles, set before me.

The "four candles" are an allusion to the Spanish custom of keeping lighted candles night and day near the dead until the burial. More realistic still is the

A STREET SINGER.

(From the drawing by Gustave Doré.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mention of death in the following *rondeña:*

Dentro de la sepultura
Y de gusanos roido,
Se han de encontrar en mi pecho
Señas de haberte querido.

When in the grave—The worms shall gnaw me,—One shall still find in my heart—Proofs of my love for thee.

one class of artists, but an inherent feature of the national temperament.

Some *coplas* are extremely graceful:

Nace amor como planta
En el corazón.
El cariño la riega.
La seca el rigor,
Y si se arraiga,
Se arranca al apartarle
Parte del alma.

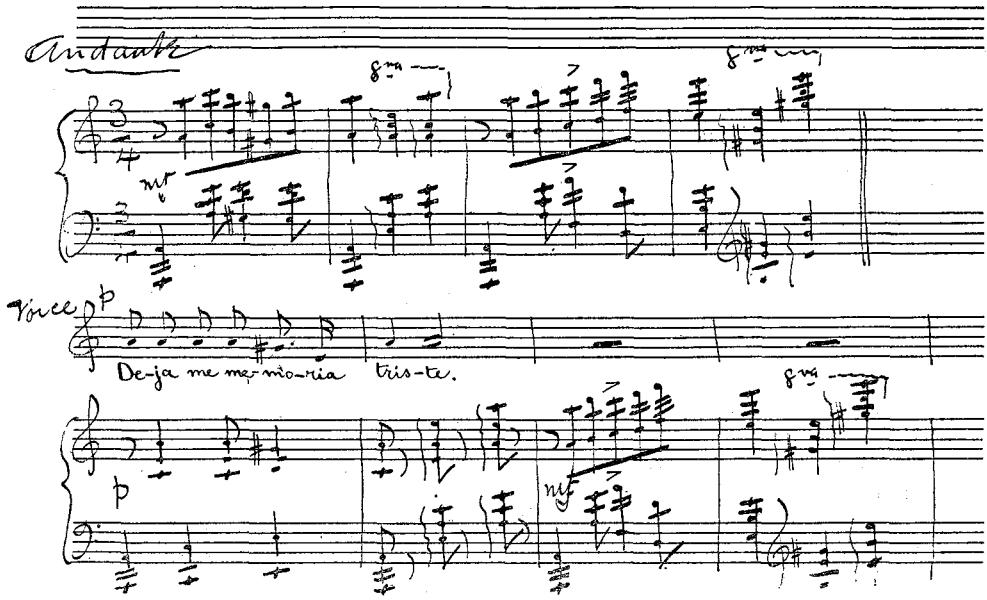
THE SEGUIDILLAS.

Such a realism is frequently exhibited in these songs whenever the feeling to be depicted is of a sad or of an awe-inspiring nature. They are also noticeable in the music. In the *carcelera* reproduced above some of the verses are real howlings of pain. These tendencies seem to show that the love for the horrible and the repellent, so apparent in the works of the Spanish painters, especially in those of Ribeira and of Valdés Leal, is not a peculiarity of one epoch, nor of

Pensamiento que vuelas
Mas que las aves,
Llévale ese suspiro,
A quien tu sabes;
Y dile á mi amor
Que tengo su retrato
En el corazón.

Love springs like a plant—In the heart;—Affection waters it,—But it is withered by harshness,—And if it takes root—When you pull it up you tear out with it—A part of the soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Thought which flies—Faster than birds,—Carry this sigh—to her whom thou knowest, —And tell my love—That I keep her portrait—In my heart.

Others are distinctly merry in their theme; but it must be acknowledged that these are neither numerous nor of the best. The genius of the nation is not seen in that direction. It is impossible not to be struck by the difference which manifests itself, in that respect as in every other, between the songs of Spain and the productions of a similar character on the other side of the Pyrenees. The modern French *chansonnier* sneers and laughs at everything. He is cynically indifferent to both virtue and vice. He is witty and comical, but never sentimental. He shuns displays of passion of any kind, and does not believe in love. Love and passion are the very soul of the Spanish song.

A fact worth noticing is that, in the matter of popular songs, Italy stands between Spain and France. The *rispetti* and *stornelli* of Tuscany and Sicily have a striking analogy to the Spanish *coplas,* while, on the other hand, in spite of the Spanish vocables found in the Neapolitan dialect, many Neapolitan songs are distinctly French in tone, ideas and humour. Of the three great European races which live side by side in France, two, the Alpine and the Mediterranean, are found in Italy; one only, the Mediterranean, fills Spain. Here, perhaps, lies the explanation of many facts that neither geography nor history in its present state can explain.

The best *coplas* are, perhaps, those in which the singer evokes the sad, yet sweet, memories of a remote past. Translation deprives of most of its charm the following passage of a *petenera:*

Déjame, memoria triste.
No me estás atormentando.
¿Se la quise ó no la quise? . . .
Niña de mi corazón!
¿Se la quise ó no la quise? . . .
No me estás! Ay! recordando
Déjame, memoria triste.
No me estás atormentando.

Away from me, sad memories!—Do not torment me.—Did I love her? Did I not? . . . —*Child of my heart!*—Did I love her? Did I not? . . . —Alas! Do not recall the past to me.—Away from me, sad memories!—Do not torment me.

The majority of the *coplas* are composed in the province which in past times gave Spain her greatest painters, and which gives her now her *toreros.* The use of Andalusian words and abbreviations often betrays this origin. Catalonia is the only province which is not congenial to them. Not only the language,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but also the customs, of the people there serve as a barrier. While Seville sings, Barcelona works. The Catalans distrust and despise the Andalusians. It is the old story of the ant and the grasshopper.

The Spanish popular songs are divided into many classes, the principal of which are the *seguidillas,* the *malagueñas,* the *rondeñas,* the *peteneras* and the *carceleras.*

Most of them are suitable dancing airs, but the *seguidillas* enjoy the privilege of being preferred for that purpose all over the Peninsula. They were known in the time of Cervantes, and were probably sung for the first time in the province of Ciudad Real. They consist of a stanza of four verses, followed by a triplet as a refrain. When the rhyme has been at all observed by the author, the second verse rhymes with the fourth, and the fifth with the seventh.

The *malagueñas* and *rondeñas* derive their names from the cities of Malaga and Ronda. They are thought to be of Moorish origin, and, as their probable Moorish prototypes, consist of stanzas of four verses, the first and last verses being repeated.

Carceleras are songs in which a prisoner laments his fate. Although the number of these strange *coplas* is surprisingly great, they differ but little in their theme of the one which has been reproduced in the beginning of this article. They enjoy certainly a greater popularity in Spain than anywhere else; but they are also found in Sicily, where they are called *carcerati.*

The *peteneras* deserve a special mention.

The words are the only thing that vary in several *peteneras.* The air is always the same, and is melancholic in the extreme.

The third line of a *petenera* is repeated, and between that line and its repetition an exclamation, such as "Oh, lonely days!" or "Child of my heart" or "Oh, Christ upon the cross," is thrown in. This is generally made to agree in each stanza with the meaning of the preceding or of the following sentence, but sometimes it has no connection whatever with either. The first two verses of the stanza are repeated at the end of it. Sung by professionals, especially by gipsies—who excel in the composing and rendering of the long-guitar preludes of these songs—*peteneras* rarely fail to draw large and enthusiastic audiences. One *petenera* says:

Quien te llamó Petenera
No ha sabido darte nombre
Que te debió de poner,
Niña de mi corazón,
Que te debió de poner,
Perdición, Ay! de los hombres.
Quien te llamó Petenera
No ha sabido darte nombre.

Whoever called thee *Petenera*—Knew not the proper name—which ought to be given thee,—*Child of my heart!*—which ought to be given thee,—Perdition, alas! of men.—Whoever called thee *Petenera*—Knew not how to name thee.

And the greatest of Spain's modern novelists, now known to the American public through many translations, Palacio Valdés, in *La Hermana San Sulpicio,* describes thus the mysterious power of the wild, gloomy music and passionate words of these meridional songs:

". . . I said, for the sake of saying something:"

"—This is a *Petenera,* is it not!"

"—You show a deep knowledge of the subject, answered Suarez, laughing. It is a *Malagueña* of the very heart of the Perchel, sung with much style and the grace of God."

"This answer left me somewhat abashed. The sister saw it, and, glancing affectionately at me, she said:"

"—Here is a Petenera . . . for you:"

La Virgen de la Esperanza,
La que se adora en San Gil,
Aquella Señora sabe,
¡ Cristo de la Espiración!
Aquella Señora sabe
Lo que he llorado por tí.
La Virgen de la Esperanza,
La que se adora en San Gil.

The Virgin of Hope,—The one whom they worship in San Gil,—This Lady knows,—*Oh! Christ upon the cross,*—This Lady knows—How often I wept for thee.—The Virgin of Hope,—The one whom they worship in San Gil.

"The *copla* and the slightly harsh and trembling voice of the sister made such a deep impression upon me that I felt as if all the fibres of my heart were quivering. A strange

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chill passed over my body, and my eyes were filled with tears, which only considerable effort could keep back."

"Again she sang:"

Por Dios te lo pido, niña,
Y te lo pido llorando,
Que no le cuentes á nadie
¡Cristo de la Espiración!
Que no le cuentes á nadie
Lo que á mí me está pasando.
Por Dios te lo pido, niña,
Y te lo pido llorando.

In God's name I pray thee, girl,—And I pray thee in tears,—Not to tell anybody,—*Oh! Christ upon the cross,*—Not to tell anybody—What is happening to me.—In God's name I pray thee, girl,—And I pray thee in tears.

"All but me,—who was suffocated by emotion,—burst into applause."

The *peteneras* are among the oldest songs of Spain. They are more frequently obscure in their meaning than other folk songs. They also contain more of a somewhat wild, but often beautiful, poetry. They may be said to sum up the charm, as well as the defects, of the *coplas.* In them more than in other songs the Spanish soul reveals itself, passionate, fierce yet melancholic and resignated, dark yet flashing with sudden lights, full of contrasts, because it has gloomy recesses.

Gustave Michaud.

LITERARY PARIS

Thrown into comparative darkness by the splendour that now surrounds the name of Balzac, the fame of George Sand has in the latter years grown somewhat dim. Attention has just been called back to her name by a touching ceremony which took place in a small and, but for her unknown village of the Department of Creuse, Gargilesse, on August 11. By the care of the French Academy, which certainly would have given her a seat were it not for her sex, a tablet was placed on a very modest house, recalling that there she spent part of her time from 1849 to 1876. Her country residence was situated a few miles away from Gargilesse, in the Château de Nohant, where she dispensed a very liberal hospitality. "La bonne dame de Nohant" was known all around for her kind deeds and her inexhaustible charity. But she sometimes grew tired of the crowds by which she was surrounded on her lordly estate. This happened especially when, after thinking out the plan of a new novel, the great writer felt that the time had come for her to transfer on paper what up to that time had had existence only in her fertile imagination. She then needed more calm than she could enjoy at Nohant. A very short carriage ride took her to the little rustic "maisonnette" in Gargilesse, where she occupied two small kalsomined rooms, and a few weeks later French literature was enriched by one more masterpiece. Thus, on May 29, 1858, an entry in her diary recorded the completion at Gargilesse of *Elle et Lui,* begun there on the fourth day of the same month.

Needless to say that George Sand had been attracted to Gargilesse by the beauty of the natural surroundings, and especially of the banks of the river Creuse and the torrent of Gargilesse. Never has she been better inspired by her love of nature than in the beautiful *Voyage autour d'un Village,* in which she describes the rolling country in the verdure of which her summer den lay hidden.

An event very different in its nature from the Gargilesse ceremony, an auction sale of real estate, has again brought into public notice another spot, the scene for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merly of many an event of literary importance. "Le Grenier des Goncourt," as the house on the Boulevard de Montmorency, occupied first by the Goncourt brothers, then by Edmond alone, was usually called among literary men, has been sold by the executors of Edmond's will, and 63,000 francs are added thereby to the funds of the Académie des Goncourt.

The books of the month have been rather of a serious character. The novels had, generally, been published earlier, so as to be on the book-stalls before the beginning of the regular summer exodus. Perhaps the most notable among the new publications is one that will not attract the public at large, and which is not in the French language. It is the new edition, published by my old friend and teacher, Paul Meyer, of the Provençal poem, *Le Roman de Flamenca.* Thirty-five years ago, when quite a young man, Paul Meyer had given a fair edition of the text of the then almost unknown poem. It is now acknowledged to be one of the gems of Provençal literature, in which it is, with the possible exception of the *Chanson de la Croisade des Albigeois,* the most important and the most beautiful long composition. This new edition is the fruit of years of most scholarly labours. I call the attention of lovers of the poetry of the Troubadours to the fact that the first volume, the only one out thus far, of the new *Flamenca,* contains a very full vocabulary which fills no less than one hundred pages. As a full, modern, up-to-date lexicon of the old Provençal language is not in existence, this special vocabulary, due to the greatest master of Provençal philology, will be of invaluable assistance.

To another of the professors of the University of Paris, Professor Crouslé, we are indebted for a volume which will henceforth be indispensable to any student of the classical period of French literature, *Bossuet et le Protestantisme.* The book is, of course, greatly historical. In history proper I must mention, though not coming from Paris, the first volume of an extended *Histoire de Belgique,* by M. H. Pirenne. There was no good complete history of Belgium. There will be one now. The volume just published stops at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Its successors will be awaited with impatience by all serious students of European history. M. Émile Thomas gives us a very readable book, the composition of which is due, perhaps, to the great success of *Quo Vadis,—Pétrone, l'Envers de la Société Romaine.* Senator Paul Strauss's *L'Assistance Sociale* will appeal specially to investigators of sociological questions, while the reader of an economic and political turn of mind will find a great deal to interest him in Édouard Lockroy's *Du Weser à la Vistule,* a series of studies on Germany's war and merchant navy.

Georges Duruy's *Pour la Justice et pour l'Armée* is a kind of aftermath of the Dreyfus case. The title of the book associates with each other two words which, in the conflict of passions which is now fast passing into history, too many people had opposed to each other.

I have to mention now two curious co-operative volumes, dealing, one from a historical, the other from a contemporaneous, point of view, with the social and moral conditions of France. The first, *L'Œuvre Sociale de la Révolution,* has an introduction by Émile Faguet. The other, *Les Prolétaires Intellectuels de la France,* presents itself under the patronage of Henry Bérenger.

Still more co-operative, since they consist mostly of interviews, are two other volumes recently published. Jules Huret, whose name is on the title-page of one, may be called the king of French interviewers. His *Évolution Littéraire* has remained one of the most important documents on the literary history of France at the end of the last century. This time he has interviewed actors, actresses, dramatists and theatrical managers; and what they said to him, or what he thinks they said to him, is recorded in an amusing volume, *Loges et Coulisses.*

M. Charles Legras took his interviews, not on the boulevards, but north of the Channel; and his book, *Chez nos Contemporains d'Angleterre,* is one more proof of the growing interest taken by the French in other nations.

We have two good monographs of sixteenth-century men; one, by M. Auguste Hamon, deals with a rather forgotten character, the humanist Jean Bouchet; the other, by M. Henri Chamard, gives us the best account thus far

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

published of the life and works of Joachim du Bellay, Ronsard's illustrious associate in the famous "Pléiade." We remain in the same century with Dr. F. Brémond, the author of a curious study on *Rabelais Médecin.*

With Captain L. Champion we go a little further back in time. He writes about Jeanne d'Arc. But he chooses an unexpected point of view for his observation. In his book on *Jeanne d'Arc Ecuyère* he considers the illustrious heroine as a horsewoman.

While the former volumes are all dealing rather minutely with the subjects of which they treat, it has been M. Paul Rouaix's ambition to compress the survey of a very wide field in a comparatively small number of pages; and we have from him a not altogether unsuccessful *Histoire Générale des Beaux Arts en trente chapitres.*

M. G. Lenôtre's *Tournebut* is a rather strange volume. We may present it as the Napoleon book of the month. It is a very entertaining study of the form of outlawry known in France as "La Chouannerie" during the great emperor's reign. It contains several very thrilling stories, none the less thrilling for being records of actual occurrences.

With Captain Danrit (the pseudonym, or rather anagram, of Captain Driant, General Boulanger's son-in-law) we enter the domain of fiction, as he writes on what he calls *La Guerre Fatale; France—Angleterre,* and gives us a narrative of events which have not yet occurred, and which may never occur.

The novelists proper, and improper too, have not been quite inactive. We have a new book by Marcel Prévost, *Le Domino Jaune.* Tristran Bernard's *Un Mari Pacifique* will be welcomed by all the readers of the charming *Mémoires d'un Jeune Homme Rangé,* of which it is a continuation.

Jean Dornis's *La Force de Vivre* is a rather painful study of marital conditions, while André Theuriet's *Illusions Fauchées* is the typical book written *pour être mis dans les mains de tout le monde.* I cannot say the same of Auguste Geoffroy's *La Petite Mandarine.*

It seems that we had not had enough of Marie Bashkirtseff; so we are treated to a *Nouveau Journal Inédit* by her, which is not different in tone from the pages formerly published.

Henri Avenel's *Annuaire de la Presse Française et du Monde Politique* for 1901 has just appeared. I need hardly say that it is full of useful and accurate information.

Last, but far from least, one of the most brilliant, comparatively young Frenchmen, Professor Léopold Mabilleau, now head of the "Musée Social" in Paris, the author of the best monograph on Victor Hugo, is about to visit the United States, and to give a series of lectures before various branches of "L'Alliance Française" and in some universities. He will lecture not only on literary, but also on sociological, subjects, and may give to those who admit that they do not understand French some opportunities of hearing him speak in English.

Adolphe Cohn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WARWICK OF THE KNOBS

A Story of Stringtown County

BY JOHN URI LLOYD

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRINGTOWN GROCERY AND THE VILLAGE CIRCLE.

The village circle in the grocery of Mr. Cumback was fairly complete that evening, a representative body of citizens, as usual, having assembled at early candle-light. The illiterate Corn-Bug, Colonel Luridson, the village clerk, little Sammy Drew, the widow's son, Judge Elford, Professor Drake and others whom we need not name were present. The man who attempted to tell the first story arose, and for a moment stood with downcast eyes, as if undecided how to begin.

"Sit down, Sheepshead," said Chimney Bill Smith.

"Who's a sheepshead?"

"Hold your head to the stove while I tell a story that came to mind when I cotch you trying to move your jaws. Warm your head, I say."

The man addressed as Sheepshead sat down, while the members of the circle turned to the intruding speaker.

"Men, et isn't generally known, but et's a fact, that in one county of Kaintuck the women are not allowed to eat any kind of meat but mutton."

"What'er you givin' us, Chimney?"

"Facts, gents, by the great Sam Hill, facts; but 'lessen you promise not to tell the secret, I'll not give the snap away. Et's a valuable diskivery, and ought to be patented; some men would give their farms to know et. Cross yer hearts not to tell."

"We're mum, Chimmy."

"Wall, here's the story as told me by Captain Sam Hill. Colonel Jargon, who died over on Blue Gum Fork 'bout ten years ago, said thet when he served in the Mexican War, fer about six months the soldiers didn't get nothin' to eat but sheep. Et war sheep fer breakfast, sheep fer dinner and sheep fer supper. When et war not lamb, et war sheep, and when et war not sheep et war lamb. The men didn't think much 'bout the grub; they were glad to git sheep. The weather war hot and et war late before the frost come, and all this time the men were eatin' mutton. One hot night the company turned into their bunks as usual, and durin' the night a norther slipped down, and next mornin' the air war full of snow. When the men turned out, et war found thet every man's jaws war set tight. Not a feller could git his teeth apart. Et war a sudden attackt of a new complaint. The doctor hadn't never heard of sich a disease, and he had cotched et, too. Long 'bout nine o'clock the clouds broke and the sun come out and then the men's mouths begun to open. Et war a curious affliction. The next night another frost come, and the next mornin' the men hed the same trouble; their jaws were shet tight ag'in. The doctor gave et up as a new disease; he wrote a scientific paper for a medical journal and gave et a long Latin name, Mexicojawshet, er somethin' like thet, an' fer writin' thet paper he got a promotion, and when the war war over, he war made perfessor in one of the oldest medical colleges in America.

"But old Nigger Sam, the butcher, laughed at the men, and said the disease wouldn't hurt 'em, and as he was the only man free from the complaint, he war watched to see ef he war usin' any nigger cure. Et war found that when he got out of his bunk in the mornin' he soaked his head in hot water the first thing, and when the captain called him up to explain, he gives the whole snap away. Et didn't make no difference while the weather war warm, but—" Chimney Bill stopped.

"Guess what caused the disease," he asked.

"The subject's too deep for me," answered the village clerk.

"Give it up, men?" Chimney appealed to the circle.

"Yes. What was the trouble?"

"The fact war, the heads of them men hed got so full of mutton taller, thet when thet cold spell struck the camp et sot into a solid cake, and thet cake of taller held their jaws shet. After thet, when the air war frosty, the cook war ordered to stay up all night and boil water, so thet the next mornin' the sojers could thaw the taller in their heads without waiting fer the sun to rise. The sojers kneeled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down in a line with their heads stuck out like turtles, and the cook went down the row, pourin' bilin' hot water on 'em as reg'lar as the sun rose."

"What are you givin' us?" asked an old farmer.

"God's truth, es sworn to by Colonel Jargon, who died on Blue Gum Fork 'bout ten years ago. When he come back from the war, he never give his wife no meat but mutton. The men 'bout diskivered the reason fer his dietin' his ole woman, and that's why in thet country the women ain't none of 'em fed no kind of meat but mutton."

"Guess the taller in your head is sof'n'd now," the facetious story-teller continued, and seated himself amid clapping of hands, while the man addressed as Sheepshead (and who ever afterward was called Sheepshead) arose. But before he began, Colonel Luridson interrupted.

"Sheepshead, if you please, sah, I would like to ansah a question the judge asked just now, and will be obliged, sah, if you will grant me the honah of the floah, sah."

Down sat the man again, while Colonel Luridson continued.

"Well, sah, some people think they know what makes a fust-class hotel, but I tell you, gents, there is no use in leaving Ole Virginny or Kaintuck, if you want to live high, sah. I have tested the mattah, sah, and am not talking at random. Some years ago I was travelling through the North, sah, and fell in company with a very polite man, who was complainin' about the board down South. He had been through the South once, and in a very genteel way announced that no hotel South could be called fust class. I took issue with him, as in honah I was bound to do, and asked him if he thought the city of Cincinnati, which we were approaching, could brag of a fust-class hotel. Yes, he said, the Bunnett House and the Spencah House could not be beat anywhah in the world for genteel refinement, or for fust-class accommodations. I took out my pocket-book, sah, and told that gent, my pile against his, the Spencah House, where we proposed to stop, was not in the fust rank, sah, and that any tavern South could give it pointers concerning accommodations due a gentleman, sah. He pushed back the money, but said that since we wah both intending to stop there, we could easily test the mattah without betting.

" 'All right, sah, you ordah the rooms, and if all the arrangements for a gentleman's comfort are to be found in them, the treat will be on Luridson, sah.' I found that the Spencah House was a finely arranged tavern in some respects; there was apparently little to be desired, sah, but when that little is the essential part of life, the superfluities do not count. There wah carpets on the floah of the halls; there wah niggers in every corner of the office; there war as polite a gentleman, with as neat a shirt bosom and as fine a pin, as you ever saw, sah, behind a hotel desk. 'Take the gentlemen to their rooms,' he said, and, addressing me, 'if there is anything wanting, let me know, sah.'

" 'Certainly, sah.'

"As soon as I stepped into the room, I saw at a glance that no preparations for real comfort had been made. There was a richly dressed bed, sah; a fine looking-glass, a bureau fit for a wedding trip, lace curtains, thick carpet, two or three rugs, sah; hot and cold water to wash with—to *wash* with, sah. The stranger stepped into the room as I did, and stood watching me as I turned from one object to anothah, looking for the very necessaries of life, and at last, as I turned back to him, he asked, 'Anything wanting?'

" 'There is, sah. It is as I told you. The room is for misses and children, and the first requisite for a gentleman's rest and comfort is wanting from this tavern, sah. When you get North of the rivah, sah, as I told you, there is no evidence of true hospitality, sah.'

"He stood looking at me, as if lightning had shocked him.

" 'The place speaks for itself,' I said, and I pointed to the washstand. 'There is hot water, sah, but it is for babies to wash in, sah. There is a lonesome glass, one glass, my friend,' and I pointed to the tumbler, *'one* glass. A gentleman expects company, sah, and it are the duty of a tavern-keeper to prepare to lodge gentlemen. There is no sugah on the bureau; there is no sugah on the washstand. Are we roustabouts; are our throats copper-lined, sah? When a gentleman travels all day and comes to his room with a dusty throat, a smoke-dry tongue, parched lips, and a bottle of fine old Bourbon in his valise, looking for home comforts and hospitality such as he pays for at foah dollars a day, he should have some consideration shown him. No, sah, carpets and looking-glasses are well enough in their place, but if a tavern cannot afford comforts for a gentleman of cultah, it had better make less display of such things as these. What's the use of hot water, if you can't get a glass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undah the spout, and where's the comfort of life with only one tumblah, no sugah, no mint and two gents?'

"No, sah, the Spencah House is outclassed by any Virginny or Kaintucky tavern with bare floors and wood bannisters, sah. She will have to climb up highah, sah."

The story of Luridson pleased the circle immensely, the burlesque on himself and the bit of irony the artful story-teller threw into his creation were highly appreciated.

Following this came a picturesque bit of satire by the village clerk, in which Judge Elford was involved, who, however, enjoyed the dialogue, because it was both ridiculous and true. Notwithstanding his dignity when on the bench, and his reserve and stateliness when duty called, Judge Elford when among his neighbours was as genial and cordial as any member of the circle. This trait can be best shown by repeating the aforenamed dialogue, which gave the entire circle much pleasure, for it was not often a case like that could be made against their loved companion.

"Do you remember the answer Tommy Golding gave you, judge, when he appeared as a witness in the case of Tom Snobbins, who got into trouble for fighting in the barroom of the Williams House?"

Judge Elford smiled.

"Can I give it, judge?"

"Stand up," cried the chorus, "stand up."

The judge nodded and the lank clerk uprose.

"Some years ago the bar of the Williams House was in one corner of the building, but the house sat too far back from the pike for convenience, and when Dutch Joe opened his saloon across the road business suffered. In order to meet this competition, a separate room was built near the pike. Tom Snobbins and Lon Cumfrey fell against each other in the barroom one day and got ugly, each swearing the other was drunk. They didn't get to blows, but one word followed another, and finally a feud arose; they got into law and the case came up before Judge Elford." The speaker winked at the judge.

"Tommy Golding, the Irish hostler, who also assisted as barkeeper of the Williams House, was the sole witness of the quarrel, and in giving his evidence, the lawyer asked a formal question concerning the exact location of the barroom, and whether it was in the tavern proper or detached. The judge didn't catch Tommy's reply and directed him to repeat his words.

"An pfwat quistion air ye axin', jidge?"

"Where is the barroom of the Williams House located? Is it a part of the tavern, or is it in a separate building?"

"An' pfwat air ye givin' me, jidge? As moiny toimes es oi have seen you standin' up to thet bar a-takin' of a dhrink, an' now you do be axin' sich quistions av the loikes af me."

Great applause followed this satire.

"It's your turn now, judge," cried a spectator.

"Yes," chimed in the circle, "you're in for it, judge."

"I beg to be excused, gentlemen. I have already, it seems, contributed my share to the evening's entertainment. Let us hear from Professor Drake."

The professor up to this time had sat with bowed head, taking no interest in the stories or the speakers. On being called by name, he raised his head, sighed, and then dropped it without a word.

"A penny for your thoughts, professor," said Judge Elford.

"I am thinking of a child. What leads my mind from these scenes and your trivial stories to him? They have nothing in common. I am thinking of a dirty face, a *dirty* face," he repeated, and lapsed into silence.

"Tell us about the dirty face."

"You are acquainted with the little house, just above the mouth of the Mt. Carmel Pike, the house in which old black Ephraim lived, and which, since his disappearance, has been deserted; windowless it has stood these many days."

Professor Drake rested his voice a second and then continued. "It is empty again. Following this short sentence came another interlude, when, as though by an effort, he added, "A *very* dirty face."

What could be troubling our village teacher? Never before had we heard him speak in so desultory a manner. Then he proceeded.

"Shortly after the beginning of the last school session a gentle tap came on the schoolroom door. I opened it and ushered in a boy about ten years of age, leading a younger boy by the hand. They stopped and looked about in a frightened manner and seemed inclined to retreat, when I said in a pleasant tone, 'Don't be afraid, children. Do you wish to attend school?'

" 'We do, do we, Jim and me,' spoke the older one in a drawling monotone. He held out his hand, and in its palm rested a bright silver quarter.

" 'Ma'am sed fer us ter come ter schule 'til the wuth ov this war taken out in larnin'.'

"Dirty and ragged were these boys, dirtier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and more ragged than ever children before were seen in the Stringtown school. I returned the money and seated them on the end of a bench, away from the other children, with whom it was questionable whether they should come into personal contact. That night they were detained after school and I got their history. They came from Grassy Creek, and with a sot of a father (as I learned afterward) and a mother little, if any, better than he, lived now in the house deserted by black Ephraim.

"'Be sure and wash your faces before coming to school to-morrow morning,' I said in a kindly voice, as they were dismissed. Next morning they came with clean faces, but in a few days were as dirty as before. This time I spoke more positively.

"'You *must* wash your hands and face before starting to school.' Again the faces were clean, but within a week they were as dirty as when first I saw them. Gentlemen, I pleaded with, scolded, threatened those children. I exhausted every power of persuasion and vainly exerted every possible influence. Had they seemed at all provoked, or had they resented my attempts to reform their slovenly habits, I should have been delighted, but their disposition was amiable and their deportment exceptionally good.

"'Yes, sir,' they would answer, when I gave my customary order concerning clean faces. 'We'll be clean ter-morrer,' and for that once they would be clean, but not clean again until I gave the next positive order.

"Friends," and the professor now spoke to us directly, "men should weigh carefully their words. Who can tell when a hasty word will turn to plague one's self? 'Jimmy,' I said one day to the younger boy, 'you provoke me beyond endurance. Do you intend to go through life with a dirty face? Do you intend to be a dirty-faced man?'

"The child had been languid all that day. I can see now what I did not observe then, languid, spiritless, dirty. He looked up at me quickly; his black eyes peer at me yet. Ignoring my reference to the dirty-faced man, he asked:

"'Kin a dirty boy git inter Heaven, teachah?'

"'No, only clean children can go to Heaven.'

"'I wants ter go ter Heaven, fer I'm tired ov livin'. Mam, she's in her cups ag'in and pap's in jail. Guess these clean children in schule hain't got my mam and pap, else they wouldn't always be clean.' He looked at his little brown fingers.

"'We hain't no soap in the house, teachah, an' we hain't no stove ter heat water on. We frys our bacon and hominy in a skillet, when we have any bacon, and bakes our corn pone in the ashes. Guess ef some ov these other children hadn't no soap and no hot water and had a drunk mother, their faces wouldn't be so clean frosty mornin's. I breaks the ice in a pan when I washes. It's awful cold, teachah, and the dirt sticks mighty bad.

"'Does God keep children out of Heaven fer havin' dirty faces, ef—' the child hesitated, did not complete the sentence, but abruptly added. 'I'll have a clean face, teachah, when you see me ag'in. I'm awful tired now, an' I didn't have no breakfast.'

"The two children turned to go, and go they did, without a word from me. My heart was in my throat, remorse was in my soul. 'I will apologise to-morrow in some way,' I said to myself; but no dirty children came on the morrow, nor yet the next day, nor the next. Never again did those little ones, dirty nor clean, come to school, hand in hand, as was their wont, never." Professor Drake wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, and then resumed:

"One morning a gentle knock sounded on the school-room door, just such a knock as ushered in the children that first day, and, strangely enough, I thought of Jimmy and his brother before opening the door. In stepped the brother alone. He stood before me with clean face, but his countenance was peaked and thin, very thin. 'Teachah,' he said, 'Jimmy wants yer ter come an' see him.'

"'Why did he not come with you, Johnny?'

"'He can't come. He's dead.'

"Could any blow have crushed more directly on my heart? No; I stood stupefied. 'Tell me about it, child.'

"'Jim took the fever the nex' day after you told him 'bout Heaven. He died this mornin'. But he knowed he war goin' ter die, an' he said ter me, "Brothah, I wants ter go ter Heaven, whar thar ain't no dirt, ner fights, ner whiskey. Take the quartah the teachah giv us back, an' buy soap with it an' scrub the shanty floah an' my duds, an' wash me clean, fer I may die sudden." An' I did, teachah, an' the good doctor brought Jim some fruit and some goodies, but 'twant no use.

"'He war awful hungry all his life, but when the goodies come, et war too late, and he couldn't eat. He jest laid still an' fingered the orange an' then handed et to me. "Eat et, Johnny, an' let me see yer eat et." I did, teachah. Thar warn't no one in the room but Jim'n me, an' he laid still an' smiled es pleas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ant like es ef he had eaten et himself. This mornin' Jim sed, sed he, "Brothah, wash me clean an' put the sheet on the bed." We hain't but one sheet, teachah. An' then he said, "I wants a clean face, fer I'm goin' ter try an' git inter Heaven, brothah, an' when I'm dead, tuck the clean sheet close 'bout me, an' comb my hair, an' then go fer the teachah. Tell him ter come an' see how clean I am in the new clean sheet, an' ax him ef he thinks I'll git inter Heaven." '

"The child stopped. I could not speak. He mistook my emotion for a denial of his request.

" 'Please, teachah. You told Jimmy how ter get ter Heaven, an' he war *clean* when he died. Won't you come an' see him?' "

Professor Drake covered his face with his hands. More than one rough face about that Stringtown grocery stove was tear-streaked, for we all knew the children mentioned.

"Is that all?" asked Judge Elford.

"That is all," replied Professor Drake. "As I have said, the cabin is empty again. The dissolute mother and Jimmy's brother have gone back to Grassy Creek."

The depressing effect of this story came with unexpected force over our members. A period of silence fell upon the circle; just such an awkward silence as occasionally happens when mirth is at its highest. For a moment no person spoke. Then the grocer, Mr. Cumback, said: "Joshua Warwick rode through town this morning."

At these words it could be seen that the faces of the members became even more earnest.

"Which way, Cumback?"

"North."

Another period of silence. Then, as though the speaker was toying with a forbidden subject, a member spoke in an undertone: "It's an awful trouble thet's come to Preacher Warwick."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumback. "No other man in this county, lessen et's the jedge (glancing at Elford), could hev stood et. It's an awful trouble, men, an' I felt et mightily when Joshua come through town to-day. He looked down at his horse's ears and hedn't no use fer no one ner nobody."

"Didn't he stop, Cumback?"

"Yes, he hitched his horse an' come in. 'Where's Mose?' he asked. I told him Mose was out in the country."

" 'Has he talked 'bout us Warwicks?'

" 'Not a word that I've heard.'

"The young feller stood a moment, then said, 'Tell Mose thet I says not to talk.' Then he bought a box of cartridges and rode off."

"Back home?"

"No, North."

"Warwick has seen a lot of trouble in the last year," said Judge Elford, "but through it all he stands as a rock, uncomplaining, firm in the faith of his fathers. A remarkable man, this Warwick. He would have made a typical Calvinist or Puritan, a glorious, psalm-singing soldier of Cromwell, or a devoted Mohammedan. Indeed, his religious doctrine embodies the fatalism which, to a greater or less degree, is a part of such as these. Poor fellow, how patiently he meets trouble, such as might drive other men to distraction, or to frenzy! First, he was arrested and forced to take the iron-clad oath, which fact galls him more than we know. Then one of his boys was discovered shot to death down among the Middlecreek hills, and next the other one was murdered while a prisoner of war. And then—" The judge stopped.

A glance of the eye sped from man to man, at which one less discreet than Judge Elford finished the sentence.

"And then his only daughter ran off with a Northerner whom her father had befriended."

"A sweet girl, too," replied Judge Elford. "I have often visited Warwick and lingered longer than I should, for her face was of that touching beauty which gladdens the eye and brings joy to the heart. I am not in my youth, but yet—"

Abruptly a new sentence replaced the half finished one.

"Mary Warwick has the sweet face of her mother, the noble eye of her father, the winning smile and artless glance, that since, that since—" again the judge stopped.

"Since what, judge?"

"It's a long time back," continued the judge in reverie. "A long time since Mary's mother and I first met. It was just after I came to Stringtown. I was young; she was younger. Fate was against us. I was a poor lawyer, and loved in silence, loved and starved, hoping some day to dare speak the word, but in vain. And now I, who have passed through trials enough to squeeze the dross from out one's heart, sorrows enough to leave only the sacred embers from the fires that once stirred my soul, think of Mary Warwick as of one close to her angel mother, who seemed to look back at me when I gazed into Mary's eyes. Men," the judge spoke tenderly, earnestly, holding the sympathetic confidence of all the circle,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"men, Mary Warwick has given her love to one whom I do not know; but when I heard that she had turned her face from the old home and had followed her lover to the North, I who make no pretension of religion, but have never forgotten the teachings of my mother, and occasionally repeat yet the simple prayers she taught me when a child, that night kneeled down by my bed and prayed as never had I done since my own lost boy left home for the North. Prayed that back to Mary Warwick might come the love she gave the man who led her out of Kentucky, as earnest love as in silence I gave her mother in the days of old; prayed that to old man Warwick might not come a touch of the sorrow that came back to me from the North by reason of my erring Charley boy."

The head of the judge dropped; his long white beard was crushed against his breast. Just then the door of the grocery opened, and into the room stepped Warwick—Preacher Warwick of the Knobs. His eye glanced from face to face; so abrupt had been the unexpected entrance of the person under discussion as to startle one and all, if we may except the experienced judge. Rising, he grasped the great hand of Warwick.

"Welcome to Stringtown, Simeon," was the greeting, "welcome to Stringtown."

One after another, the incomer shook each man by the hand, thoughtlessly squeezing each until the person squirmed, for the closing of the palm of Warwick was like the shutting of a vise. Without taking the proffered seat he now slipped his arm into that of Judge Elford.

"I would see you alone, judge. May we not go to your home?"

CHAPTER XXI.

WARWICK'S INTERVIEW WITH JUDGE ELFORD.

On leaving the grocery, Warwick unhitched his horse, slipped the bridle over his arm, and walking side by side in the pike, the two men passed to the modest house of Judge Elford. Having hitched the horse to a ring in a post on the outer line of the sidewalk, the judge and his self-invited guest entered the room, where the judge turned up the light of a kerosene lamp that burned low on the table.

"Be seated, Simeon, be seated," he said. Next he opened a cupboard and took therefrom a rosewood chest, which he placed on the table; then he raised the lid. It proved to contain a number of pint and quart bottles of unique design; rich gilt figures embellished their shoulders and the stoppers of glass were very tasteful. Selecting one of the bottles, the judge, holding it between himself and the light, spoke:

"This liquor flowed from the still in 1840. The cask from which this bottle was drawn was lost in a steamboat wreck, and for twelve years the barrel lay beneath the surface of an Ohio River sandbar. On its discovery, less than half its contents remained, but such bourbon as this is now cannot be bought for money. I have been reserving the bottle for just such an appreciative guest as now graces my home, a guest of honour."

From a compartment in the chest he now took a couple of glasses; then from another recess a bowl of sugar and a pair of silver sugar-tongs. The parson shook his head and declined the sugar, but filled his glass to the brim from the proffered bottle. The judge did the same, and then, after touching their rims together, both were drained. Smacking his lips, the minister said: "A royal drink, judge. The touch is as nectar to the tongue."

The two friends now seated themselves, the judge knowing well that an errand which drew Simeon Warwick to Stringtown at that time of night, and led him to seek an interview in the manner he had done, must be of exceptional importance.

"In what may I serve you, Simeon?" he asked.

"I seek counsel and advice."

"Whatever I can offer is at your service, Simeon."

"The subject is to be in confidence, judge."

"Certainly. These walls have no ears. Speak freely."

"I am in trouble."

"You are not alone, Simeon."

"I *am* alone, judge. Trouble such as I must bear came never before to any of my name."

"Warwick," and Judge Elford reached over and toyed with an empty glass, "Warwick, others in Stringtown County have taken the oath."

"I am not thinking of the oath."

"Others have lost a son."

"Nor yet do I speak of my boy."

"You have lost two sons, Simeon, but such is the fortune of war. Be philosophic, Warwick."

"I have one son left, judge. Had this son also been lost in behalf of the Confederacy, yet would I not complain. It is not of these things I speak."

No reply did the judge make. The name of Warwick's daughter, she who was supposed to have eloped and married, sprang to his lips,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but remained unspoken. In silence did he toy with the glass, then, rising, once more he filled the two glasses, once more their edges tingled, and next both were drained. Then the judge continued:

"Is it of Mary you speak?"

"Yes."

"Be of good cheer, Warwick. She will yet yearn for her Southern home, for another glimpse of her stern, upright father, for her brother, for her childhood's haunts, amid your knobs and creeks. Be of good heart, Simeon, and when she writes from her Northern home, begging forgiveness, asking for both herself and her husband a share of your love, a part of your heart's welcome, forgive and forget. Bid her come back and bring him to whom her young love was given. Be merciful, I say, Warwick, for her mother's sake, if not for your own. Be charitable, Warwick, for the sake of her dear little ones, who in a day to come will be to you all that bright young faces are to such as you and me, Simeon."

After the manner of old, Warwick arose and paced the room. Every step of that great foot shook the floor and all upon it. The lamplight played strange freaks as it danced in rings on the ceiling, the empty glasses on the table jingled like bells, the liquids in the bottles even splashed to the stoppers. Then Warwick seated himself, and turning to his host, spoke in the deep bass tone so familiar to those who knew him when he was possessed by intense excitement.

"Mary will never bring her husband from the North. Would to God she might do so."

"What do you mean?"

"She is neither—" The giant covered his face with his hands.

"What, Warwick?"

"Let it pass, judge. I cannot say the word."

For once the judge was discomfited. No reply did he make for a full moment. Then, as if he had not inferred aright, he said, "You do not mean it, Simeon."

"I do."

Now came Judge Elford's turn to walk the floor, while Warwick sat beside the empty glasses. Back and forth the judge moved, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes fast fixed upon the floor. Cat-like was his tread, no sound of footstep, no tingling glasses. Then he sank into his chair.

"Simeon Warwick, do you tell me that this man whom you befriended, who came to your home a stranger and was given a place at your table, has done this great wrong to you and her—yes to all of us?"

"I do."

The judge turned from the room. Soon he came back with a small tray, on which were a baked apple and two full-sized tumblers. The apple he divided, placing one half in each glass. Then to each he added a spoonful of sugar, and next filled the glasses with bourbon. Into each he now placed a dessert-spoon and handed one to Warwick.

"We need to steady ourselves, Warwick; you, who seek advice in this your day of affliction; I, who must have a cool head and a steady nerve to enable me to give counsel to a man who needs it."

Artfully did the two men mix apple and liquor; from time to time they would take a spoonful, to turn and mix again. Only the clatter of spoon against glass and the smacking of lips could be heard, for neither man spoke. At last the empty glasses were replaced on the tray, and then the judge resumed his seat. Gazing straight into Warwick's eyes, he said:

"Simeon, tell me all you know. Tell me how this thing began; tell me how it was that you, to whom that innocent child was left as a sacred charge by her dying mother, came to let a stranger commit this great crime. You come to me for counsel and advice, Warwick. Do you want me to give it?"

"I do. It was for that I came to-night."

"Shall I speak freely, as man to man?"

"Yes."

"Are you strong enough to hear the truth, the whole truth?"

"The truth is what I want; the truth and counsel."

"Then I must know what you have done, or did not do that should have been done, as well as what others did, before I can do my duty."

The preacher's face flushed even deeper red.

"I'll not take this, judge. You turn your tongue two ways. I'll not have it, sir."

"You shall, Warwick, you must. When you took that girl's mother to be your wife, well do I mark the day, you charged yourself before the God you serve to care for her and hers. You wish to hear the truth. Is not this true?"

"Yes. Have I not lived the promise out?"

"Tell me, Warwick, how it was that such a man as this, beneath your keen eye, was permitted to do such a crime as this?"

"I knew nothing of it, judge. I had no suspicion of the fact that Mary loved him. As a viper's back is broken would I have snapped his spine had suspicion entered my mind."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tell me how it happened."

Warwick, confident of the justice of his own part, and seemingly acquiescing in the right of the judge whose advice he had sought, told in detail the story already made known in these chapters. He told how, while he was serving his God on the Sabbath and toiling in the tobacco field during the week, Lionel ingratiated himself into the affection of his daughter. He told all, even to the dream of Mary.

"Warwick," spoke Elford, "this judgment is such as you, who drew it upon yourself, might have expected. Yes, a judgment upon you who think that the fire of a young life can be quenched by a coat of ice-cold theology, which carries in itself nothing to touch a throbbing heart, nothing to appeal to human love or human life, nor yet anything that concerns men and women in whose veins runs the red blood of youth. Sit still, I say, and listen."

"I'll not take this, sir, even from you, Judge Elford."

"You must, Warwick. It is too late to retreat; you must take the whole truth. This dogma, which in the name of religion you have practised, has wrecked that child. You have sacrificed your own life, your home, your daughter."

"Judge Elford, I cannot permit this reflection on my God and my trust. To me religion is sacred."

"And so religions are to me, Simeon, more so, I believe, than to you."

Warwick turned livid and interrupted the speaker.

"This from you, Judge Elford, you who make no profession; this to me, whose life has been devoted to labour in the Master's Vineyard?"

"Yes, Warwick, this to you, who have no charity for any theological doctrine other than that based upon the dogma you follow; to you who preach that all men outside your narrow circle are doomed by God to eternal torment. But this is partly foreign to the subject. You came to me for counsel. I have listened to your story. Let me weigh the evidence."

"You attack my religion, sir; you even charge me with being less religious than yourself, whom the Lord never elected to a confession."

"I said, Simeon, that *religions* to me are more sacred than to you; religions, Simeon, not one inflexible theological doctrine. And thus it is I tolerate your own conception; your earnest faith in a cruel God is a marvel. It well earns the pitying admiration of men outside the Old School of Baptists. But let that pass. I would speak of your daughter."

"It shall not pass, Judge Elford. You are no child. Your tongue does not speak at random. I must know what lies behind these words, sir."

The judge turned to the rosewood chest and took from it two glasses, larger than the first, but smaller than the tumblers. These he filled from the decanter. "A sip, Warwick, for our nerves. I, who am to speak, need the sip to warm my blood and to give me strength to say what I should say; you, who must hear what never before came to your ears, the plain, unvarnished truth, need the touch of bourbon to sooth your passion, cool your brain and quiet your nerves."

But this time the participants did not tip their glasses, and when replaced on the table they stood far apart; the rims did not touch as each time they had before.

"Simeon Warwick, you came to me, an old friend, for counsel, for advice. You came to me because you know I am incapable of doing a wrong to man or men. You know that all that leads men to wickedness lies now outside my life; behind me, Warwick, are the things which attract men to wrong in worldly matters. This you must concede, Warwick."

"Yes."

"You know too, that my life has been spent in a field that bids me weigh well my words, that bids me hold charity for the errors of mankind."

"Yes."

"I have said these things to show that in what I have next to say no trace of selfishness exists. I came near saying no antagonism begotten of creed; no dislike of man because of some difference in church ceremony, by which one sect differs superficially from some other sect. But let that pass, for these things have with me no weight; they are human differences, not divine, and when on their account passion rises, they point to human weakness. Let it pass. I must speak both of your daughter and you too, Warwick, and while I am speaking shall brook no interruption. When I am through you will have both my counsel and advice."

"This is what brought me here to-night, but I do not like your temper, Judge Elford."

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

Linguistic problems seem to be worrying many of our correspondents at the present time.

I.

The following comes from this city:

DEAR EDITORS: By what authority does Mr. Brander Matthews disregard the time-worn rule that a negative should be followed by "so," and not by "as"? He says on page 56 of *Studies of the Stage:* "Thus it happens that there are not *as* many promising young playwrights in Paris *as* there were," etc. On page 187 of the same work he says: "The French poet is not *as* rich and he is not *as* free-handed," etc. Should not "so" follow the negative in each case?

Yours truly,

F. J. W.

We should advise you to have this matter out with Professor Brander Matthews himself. Professor Matthews is working overtime just at present in an attempt to give a sort of immoral support to Fonetik Refawrm; and perhaps normal English doesn't interest him any more. But you might try.

II.

This is from a friendly lady who lives in Baldwinsville, Onondaga County, New York:

I am immensely interested in the Letter-Box, and would like to call your attention to a subject that has interested me not a little.

Within the past three weeks I have found no less than four first-class writers making the same error in the expression "differ with." Now, is it possible to differ *with?* We can agree *with,* but we differ *from.* Here is a sentence from the May *Mind,* in the article written by Charles Brodie Patterson: "Suppose it has been our habit to take exceptions to people who differ *with* us." This brings to mind the death of our murdered President Garfield. While the last spark of life was still flickering, and the learned M.D.'s were standing by his bed, one said the case was so and so; another said, "I differ with you"; and the dying President, with all his oratorical eloquence, corrected the learned doctor, saying "differ *from,*" and the doctor stood corrected.

Now, is this an error, and admissible to first-class writers only, or am I mistaken?

American writers are rather careless in their confusion of "differ with" and "differ from." In England "differ with" is used with regard to opinions, and "differ from" with regard to contrasted objects. Thus, Lord Brougham said: "I differ with the honourable gentleman on that point;" while St. Paul says (in the English version): "One star differeth from another star in glory." Our correspondent is all wrong, however, about President Garfield. The criticism that he made referred to an expression used by one of his friends who spoke of "the nation's universal sympathy for him." President Garfield caught at the expression, and said "sympathy *with*"—a correction which was worthy of Mr. Alfred Ayres.

III.

A legal gentleman in Memphis, Tennessee, writes as follows:

EDITOR OF THE LETTER-BOX: Your kindness and patience in answering, through the Letter-Box, the numerous queries submitted to you have caused me to seek your assistance in settling a question that, perhaps, needlessly is a source of continual annoyance.

All, or nearly all, forms of agreements and contracts, both those given in the legal formbooks and those in common use with us, commence as follows: "This contract (or agreement) made this day of ——— ——— between A and B, witnesseth," etc. And where three or more separate and distinct interests, represented by three or more separate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and distinct individuals, are involved, the contract invariably reads: "——— made *between* A, B and C," etc. Is not *among* proper here? If this use of "between" is incorrect, is it not now accepted, in view of its universal use by the legal profession? The dictionaries are silent on this question, and as a last resort I appeal to you. In *Anderson's Dictionary of Law*, page 117, is the following: "It is as appropriate to say that property is to be divided 'between' as 'among' A, B and C." Do you concur in this last?

Etymologically, the word "between" refers to two persons only, and, strictly speaking, it should never refer to more. We quite agree with *Anderson's Dictionary*, however, in thinking that in legal documents and in the technical language of the law, precedent has given a definite sanction to its employment in the sense of "among"; and we believe that it would be hypercritical to find any fault with it when thus used by lawyers.

IV.

The next letter comes to us from a representative of the medical profession in Manhattan, Kansas. We divide his interrogation into three parts:

(1) Is there legitimate authority, spoken or written, for the expression "I don't think so"?

Yes.

(2) Who?

Ourselves, for example.

(3) If it is a colloquialism, where is its home?

Everywhere. All over the place.

V.

Several correspondents have written severe letters—justly severe letters—in condemnation of the expression "equally as." Unfortunately, the writers of the letters say that they have at times detected this expression in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, lurking in remote paragraphs of contributed articles. We are very sorry to hear it; for, if we had observed any such verbal monstrosity, we should have rooted it out remorselessly; and we shall hereafter scan our pages in proof with redoubled vigilance, because of the criticism which we have already received from our Argus-eyed correspondents.

VI.

We have a brief communication from a librarian of Joliet, Illinois, who writes, however, from Bay View, Michigan, where, we imagine, he has been spending his vacation. The upper left-hand corner of his letter has a picture of the hotel where he is staying. It seems a roomy sort of place, though the verandas are rather narrow, and the trees a little scrubby. The cupola is surmounted by a large American flag. We should say that he must have been quite comfortable there. All this, to be sure, has nothing to do with his letter, which runs as follows:

EDITOR OF THE LETTER-BOX: Can you give us a list of one hundred of the best books of a humorous character?

We can; but we think that, on the whole, we won't. See our reply to the young man from Duluth in the August number of this magazine.

VII.

Some one, who signs himself "M. A. C.," writes us in a very friendly way. We are going to print everything that he says, compliments and all.

DEAR BOOKMAN: I am a regular reader of your excellent magazine, and in my estimation your Letter-Box is the best department you maintain. I have come to regard it as an indisputable authority, and I would like you to answer the following questions, which have been puzzling me for some time:

(1) How is it that Nathaniel Hawthorne is considered an English writer? In Volume XIII. of the Portrait Edition of the English Men of Letters series his biography is included along with those of Keats and Carlyle.

(2) Do you consider the expressions "I don't think," "I don't believe" and the like, correct? In your last Letter-Box you use "We don't think"; yet, if you did not, you could never have expressed the idea which followed. I have found it and kindred expressions in some of our best authors, and it has impressed me as being very illogical; for in using it you rob yourself of the faculty which impels the action of speaking or writing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And now, BOOKMAN, for a final word. I was surprised to note that in criticising a contemporary for "foozling (?) his infinitives," you deliberately split one right in half. Well, well!

(1) Nathaniel Hawthorne is not considered an English writer, except by sundry English publishers, who like to snap up anything American that is good, and then pretend that, because it is good, it is English.

(2) See our reply to the medical gentleman printed above. We don't think that we have robbed ourselves of any "faculty which impels the action of speaking or writing." We are going straight along, speaking and writing just the same as though we had never said "we don't think."

(3) Our correspondent is quite correct in saying that when we criticised Mr. Travis for splitting his infinitives, we "deliberately" split one ourselves. We did, indeed, split it with great deliberation and on purpose; because we were thereby giving a little specimen of Mr. Travis's way of writing—an object-lesson, as it were. We might have included our split infinitive in quotation-marks; but we gave our readers credit for a penetration sufficient to enable them to see our point without having it labelled for them. When we have to explain all our mild jokes, after the fashion of *Punch,* we shall ask the publishers of THE BOOKMAN to get us a place on some English periodical.

VIII.

This letter, from a lady connected with the University of Iowa, seems to require no comment, but contains a bit of interesting literary information:

I have seen a number of comments on the originality of Mr. Stephen Phillips's poem, *Christ in Hades.* The theme, however, is not a new one. It was a favourite subject in early English poetry, and afterward in the mystery plays. The apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus contains an account of Christ's descent into Hell. An extract from the Anglo-Saxon translation of this Gospel is included in selections from early English prose under the title *The Harrowing of Hell.* This extract relates that Christ descended into Hades and took with him thence the saints from Adam on, who had awaited the coming of a Saviour. While He was present the guardians of Hell were powerless, and the torments ceased.

This in no way detracts from Mr. Phillips's just praise; for only a poet's imagination could metamorphose the dull prose account into the beautiful poem. However, I thought the connection might interest some readers.

IX.

Here is a brisk and pugnacious letter from some one who doesn't like Mr. John Uri Lloyd's serials. As the writer lives in Louisville, Kentucky, and signs his remarks "A Kentuckian," we commend his observations to the consideration of Mr. Lloyd, who lives down that way, and who can, therefore, himself conveniently look after the critic:

Why not advise Mr. John Uri Lloyd to purchase a grammar and consult it occasionally? In the August number of THE BOOKMAN, in the instalment of his story now being continued therein, on page 602, Chapter XIV., I find the phrase "at *broke* of day." In the same chapter, page 603, I note in a high-flown description of a battle made by a participant, who, I suppose, Mr. Lloyd intends shall impress us as being a very well-educated gentleman, judging by the tolerably good English he uses otherwise, the sentence, "Wounded men were about us—men who *laid* for hours," etc. Again, in the same chapter, page 604, the bereaved father is made to exclaim, "My God, my God, why *afflicteth* Thou me so sorely?"

The publication of such stuff as this, together with Mr. Lloyd's previous story of *Stringtown,* misrepresents Kentucky, our people here and our customs, manners, etc., during and after the war. These stories, together with your general attitude toward Southern writers, which I cannot say is one of fairness, but rather of neglect and abuse, is tending to hurt your otherwise excellent magazine in the South.

By the way, what is our "general attitude toward Southern writers"? We didn't know that we had one, any more than we have one toward Northwestern writers or North-northeastern writers. What has geography to do with literary criticism?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

X.

We have received a very mysterious sort of note, which doesn't seem to require any answer so far as its contents are concerned; yet it impresses us as having been written in an expectant state of mind. We don't know whether the writer is a man or a woman, though we have an idea that it is a woman. For convenience' sake, let us assume this, anyhow. She writes on paper of a very superior quality with an embossed heading, which runs in this way: "The Scioto Circle—Psyche: Science: Art and Literature." The letter itself merely states that some "typed comment" is enclosed. After the letter ends, there is a supplementary admonition:

> If you think the typed comment would be stronger (more influential) signed simply "Buckeye," then sign it so.

After this there is a second paragraph:

> It may not be irrelevant to state that for forty-seven years our Ohio post-office address has remained the same; also for thirty years our Chicago address permanent.

Finally, the following sentences:

> Chicago is "full up" with Buckeyes, a surprising number of them still retaining their old homes in Ohio. That is one of the secrets of McKinley's popularity in Chicago.

We are very much obliged for these confidences; only they embarrass our mind by their apparent lack of coherence. We don't know whether signing a "typed comment" with the word "Buckeye" would necessarily make it any stronger (more influential) than if, for instance, it were signed "Pythagoras" or "George Francis Train." Also we are very glad to hear that our correspondent has had addresses in both Chicago and Ohio for many years, though we don't see any particular reason for having separate addresses in places so far apart. Of course it might be convenient if you were dodging taxes, or leading a double life, or anything of that sort; but why tell us about it without going more fully into details? Finally, all that about the Buckeyes in "full up" Chicago, and McKinley's popularity—well, we don't quite seem to grasp the connection. Maybe we are losing our power of correlation; but we are inclined to think that there is too much Psyche about the Scioto Circle, which ought, indeed, to be a Pentagram.

XI.

A reader of THE BOOKMAN in Philadelphia writes in order to raise a Shakespearian question:

> DEAR BOOKMAN: While witnessing Mr. Goodwin's recent production of the *Merchant of Venice,* I noticed the following apparent error in syntax, occurring in one of the lines of that play. Upon investigation I found that four different editions of Shakespeare, including the Cambridge text, gave the same reading for this line, which is as follows: "Since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared *between you and I.*" (Act III., Sc. II., lines 317 *seq.*) Finding the phrase invariably given as here quoted, I began to think that, perhaps, it was not an error, and that the "I" is correctly used here. Will you kindly enlighten me on this point through the medium of your Letter-Box? If it is an error, why has it been allowed to stand uncorrected? Perhaps it is an intentional mistake, necessary to meet the exigencies of the Bacon-Donnelly-Owens cipher.

We scarcely think that the Donnelly cipher has anything to do with it. If you will write to Professor Lounsbury of Yale University, he will probably tell you that "between you and I" is perfectly good English, because it is found in Shakespeare. This is the way he argues about the Retained Object. Since you ask us, however, we have to say that the phrase is simply one of Shakespeare's numerous syntactical inaccuracies—a colloquialism which slipped into his text, just as it undoubtedly slipped into his talk, and as it often slips into the speech of educated men and women at the present time. This is the plain, common-sense explanation of it; and we are inclined to think that a plain, common-sense explanation is a good deal better than a transcendental one, such as some of those that Mr. Bradley has lately been giving of many famous lines from Tennyson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XII.

The lady up in South Framingham, Massachusetts, who wrote in August to us that she could not get used to "the inequality of our style," is very much dissatisfied with the answer which we gave her at that time. This is what she says:

I like the Letter-Box, both for its serious answers and for its often admirable fooling; but in replying to me I think you have been flippant without excuse. I asked you a perfectly reasonable question, and I feel that you should have given me a reasonable answer. I inquired why your style is sometimes dignified and even distinguished, and why at another time it is colloquial in the extreme. All the answer you vouchsafed was "It is a little way we have." Now, I respectfully submit to your judgment whether you ought not to have given me a more satisfactory answer. I am a serious student of English, and especially of English style, and I really want to know what induces you to let your own style exhibit such inconsistencies.

Well, you see, our style frequently becomes cramped and more or less hampered from being kept, as it were, indoors and in the drawing-room; so we have to let it go out and run around and play in the yard a little, just to give it a bit of relaxation. Seriously, if our correspondent (who really writes very well herself, and seems to have a good deal of discrimination) will reflect a moment, she will see that we could not possibly have answered her in any other fashion than that in which we did. Her question was altogether too personal a one. We do not wish to be classed among those writers who are always taking the public into their confidence as to what they eat for breakfast, and where they spend their summer vacations, and just how certain great thoughts of theirs happened to occur to them. We shall be glad to answer any questions on the general subject of style which the lady in South Framingham may see fit to send us, provided they come within the limits of our intellectual capacity; but we believe that, upon reflection, she will appreciate our feeling that very personal questions are just a little bit distasteful.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CHRONICLE OF OUR OWN TIMES

AUGUST 10 TO SEPTEMBER 10.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

At about four o'clock on the afternoon of *September 6* President McKinley, while holding a public reception in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, was shot and twice wounded by Leon Czolgosz, a Polish anarchist. One bullet entered the President's breast, struck and glanced from the breast-bone, and was later extracted without difficulty. The other bullet entered the abdomen, passed through both walls of the stomach, and is believed to have become embedded in the muscles of the back. The President was removed to a private house in Buffalo, and medical reports were issued every few hours, stating in effect that, barring complications from peritonitis or blood poisoning, the President might be expected to recover. On *September 12*, however, a change for the worse took place in the President's condition, his heart beginning to fail and refusing to respond to stimulation. He died a little after two on the morning of *September 14*. Theodore Roosevelt, formerly Vice-President, became President by succession, and took the oath of office on the afternoon of the same day.

I.

RUSSIA IN MANCHURIA.

Various interesting details of the attempt of Russia to establish a protectorate over Manchuria, together with the reasons for Russia's temporary relinquishment of that design and some account of the method by which Russia worked, were made known on *August 16* by the publication of the English Blue Book, covering the Chinese negotiations from January 1 to April 6. By this official publication, it appeared that the press accounts of Russia's yearnings for Manchuria were pretty nearly correct; that the crisis in the matter occurred about the last of March; and that, owing to the combined opposition of four of the great powers, marshalled by Great Britain, Russia postponed, for the time being, the fulfilment of her intentions.

The correspondence in the Blue Book opened on January 2 with a letter from Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking Sir Charles Scott, the British ambassador at St. Petersburg, for information with regard to "an alleged agreement between Russia and China, dealing with Southern Manchuria." Sir Charles Scott referred this inquiry to Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, on February 17, authorised him "to deny the truth of the reported Russo-Chinese agreement, and to explain (to Lord Lansdowne) that nothing, beyond the terms of a temporary *modus vivendi* during the provisional occupation of Russian troops, was being negotiated." This answer was satisfactory to Great Britain, and remained conclusive until February 27, when Sir Ernest Satow, the British representative at Pekin, telegraphed to Lord Lansdowne that he had received the full text of the proposed Russo-Chinese agreement from the British Consul-General at Hankow, who had received it from the viceroy of the province, who wanted to know if Great Britain would support China in refusing to sign it.

The agreement, besides including sundry "dangerous ambiguities," as Lord Lansdowne phrased it, provided that Russia was to aid China in maintaining order; that no army was to be maintained by China until after the completion of the Manchurian railroad, and then no larger an army than Russia "counselled"; that all Chinese officials complained of by Russia should be "cashiered;" that no foreigners were to be employed in connection

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the sea and land forces of North China; that, without the permission of Russia, no mining, railway or other rights should be granted by China in all the vast extent of territory bordering the Russian frontier, nor should China build such railways; that China should atone, perhaps by "amending existing contracts," for the damage she had done the Manchurian railway, and that Russia should receive the right to build a railway line "in the direction of Pekin up to the Great Wall."

Lord Lansdowne, having perused this incorporation of Russia's idea of a "temporary *modus vivendi*," instructed Sir Charles Scott, on March 9, to ask Count Lamsdorff whether the text of the agreement were correct; because, if not, it would be unwise to let China go on maliciously circulating garbled versions of the agreement, in order to sow dissension between the Powers. Count Lamsdorff replied that he thought this position was well taken, and that both Russia and England might well ignore every attempt to sow dissension between them, especially as a Power situated as was China would, very naturally, make such attempts. Nevertheless, the Count "firmly declined" to state whether or not the purported agreement was accurate, both because the negotiations had not yet taken final shape, and because it "would be incompatible with the character of one independent state in negotiating with another." Moreover, the Count added significantly, Germany "had distinctly stated that she was indifferent to any arrangements which Russia might find it necessary to conclude with China in regard to Manchuria."

But, apparently, Germany changed her mind. For when, on March 23, China formally appealed to the various Powers to intercede for her against Russia's claims, Germany took the position that the Russo-Chinese agreement, before being ratified, should be brought for consideration to the corps of foreign ministers at Pekin. But this proposition Russia was unwilling to consider.

In the appeal which China made to the Powers, and in the correspondence of Russia with Great Britain, the "inducements" which Russia offered to China to sign the treaty were, at least in part, made manifest. These inducements were, first, that Russia's demands, as modified at China's request, were now final and irrevocable; second, that Russia, unlike the other Powers, was not interested in the subject of the murder of missionaries, and did not desire to see Chinese officials degraded and the nation humiliated; and, third, that, if China would not sign the agreement, Russia would endeavour to disrupt the council of foreign ministers at Pekin, leaving China to appease and bargain with each Power separately as best she could.

From the correspondence it would appear, though it is not so stated, that Germany's changed attitude was decisive in bringing Russia to a more conciliatory mood, for the position of England, Japan and the United States in the matter had been previously known; but so soon as China's appeal forced Germany similarly to define her attitude, Russia at once withdrew to less assailable, but equally strategic, ground. On April 5 M. Lessar, the Russian ambassador at London, announced to Lord Lansdowne "the intention of the Russian government not to proceed further with the Manchurian agreement, but to await the development of events, remaining faithful to the programme which they had followed from the beginning." M. Lessar also "dwelt at some length on the exceptional position of Russia toward China, of her having been attacked by the latter and forced to occupy Manchuria, of her anxiety to bring the occupation to a speedy termination, and of the impossibility of submitting to the ministers at Pekin the special arrangements intended to effect that object."

Since that time, and notwithstanding urgent requests by China, Russia has declined to reopen the question of the Manchuria settlement. So late as *August 17*, when, after the protocol fixing the Chinese indemnity had been signed by the foreign ministers, Li Hung Chang asked M. De Giers, the Russian minister at Pekin, if the Russo-Chinese agreement might not now be taken up, M. De Giers is said to have answered that as China had not followed Russia's directions in the matter, she must now await Russia's pleasure. She must wait, that is, until the foreign Powers had departed from Pekin, each with a slice of indemnity and a guaranty of trade and peace; and then Russia, unhampered by the interruption of strangers, would enter into that *causerie intime* with China which her neighbourly position warranted.

II.

THE CHINESE PROTOCOL.

The Terms of the Protocol.

The protocol fixing the amount and the terms of payment of the Chinese indemnity, and laying down other requirements intended to prevent further Chinese uprisings, was finally signed on *Au-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gust 15 by the eleven foreign ministers at Pekin. Previous to the signing of the protocol Sir Ernest Satow, the British representative, had objected to it on the ground, first, that it provided for an international commission to revise the Chinese import duties; and, second, because it did not forbid China from making a special and private arrangement with any of the Powers receiving indemnity bonds as to the mode of redemption of those bonds. The first objection was based on the fact that Italy, Holland, Spain and the other minor Powers had no right to enter on equal terms with Great Britain in the determination of Chinese trade relations; and this contention was readily admitted by the ministers, and the proposed International Commission was abolished. The second objection seemed to arise from the fear that some one of the Powers—as, for example, Russia—might employ the indemnity notes held against China to exact important political and trade concessions in return for the cancellation of the notes or their conversion to lower denominations. But whether or not the fear was well founded, the ministers declined to safeguard against it, and Sir Ernest Satow was obliged to be content with placing on the records England's continuing opposition to any preferential treatment. The protocol, as completed, besides providing for the payment of the indemnity, included as part of the agreement a large number of royal edicts issued by China on demand of the Powers. These edicts, the English press was inclined to think, were either pettish or else were useless, since they were not likely to be enforced; the edicts were, nevertheless, interesting, both as showing how, in the opinion of the ministers, Oriental pride might be most deeply touched, and as exhibiting the rounded result of the labours of the diplomats. The edicts recited that China had appointed special embassies to convey to Germany and Japan the regrets of China for the murder of their representatives; that China had in process of erection to the memory of Baron von Ketteler a monument, extending the whole width of the street, and that China would erect other expiatory monuments for the foreign cemeteries that had been desecrated. China also pledged herself to keep posted for two years the royal edicts of February 1, 1901, prohibiting, on pain of death, membership in any anti-foreign society; to suspend or modify, in accordance with Western ideas, civil-service examinations for official positions; to forbid for two years, or longer if necessary, the importation of arms and ammunition, and to dismantle the Taku forts leading to the approaches of Tien-Tsin and Pekin. On their part the foreign ministers agreed, in consideration of these things, to remove in good time the remainder of the international forces from Pekin, and to retain as armed posts in the surrounding region only a series of towns, ensuring free communication from Pekin to the sea.

The *Spectator,* which looked upon the stipulations with marked disfavour, asked why absolute freedom of trade throughout the empire had not been demanded for all foreigners, and also what good the ministers' armed posts would do them if the Chinese court decided to stay away from Pekin, somewhere in the interior. However, the protocol was handed to the Chinese plenipotentiaries as the ultimatum of the foreign Powers, and was duly signed and returned on *September 7.*

The Apologies of Prince Chun.

On *September 4* Frederick William Victor Albert, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, admitted for a moment to the palace at Potsdam the little Prince Chun, brother to the Emperor Kwang-Su, who had come from China to make apologies to the throne of Germany for the murder in Pekin on June 20, 1900, of Baron von Ketteler, the German minister. The German Emperor, it was said, had at first insisted that the apology on behalf of the Chinese Government should be preceded by a kotowing or prostrating before him of Prince Chun, in order to give official recognition of the unofficial prostration of China to the power of Christendom. Later, however, the Emperor somewhat relented, so that the Prince, after bowing thrice, simply read a statement prepared by Kwang-Su, setting forth the pain of China after the occurrence of the murder, the erection by China—on demand of the Powers—of a monument to the Baron, expressing thanks to William for the troops he had promptly sent "from a far distance" to restore peace, and expressing the hope that William's anger might finally be appeased. In response, William, who had remained seated "with his buttons wound in crape," stated that the apology of the Prince was so far acceptable, but that not "by an expiatory mission alone," but by good deeds and subservience to the law laid down by the nations, would China be ultimately forgiven. The audience then terminated, no trivial discussions, as of indemnity or Germany's trading concessions or ports in China, marring the dignity of the occasion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III.

OTHER FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The Session of Parliament.

Parliament was prorogued on *August 17* after a session somewhat equally divided between questions arising from the war and matters pertaining to royalty and nobility. On *February 14*, King Edward, in person, after having "sworn to and subscribed the declaration against transsubstantiation," opened Parliament, and mentioned the several measures of domestic reform which it was desirable for Parliament to enact. But, of the measures recommended, only two or three, owing to the press of other business, were eventually passed, and these in curtailed form. The first part of the session was largely occupied with the subjects of finance and taxation, and when they were disposed of debates on the army reform bill took place. The army bill adopted provided that the forces were to be increased from 563,000 to 680,000, and to be divided into six army corps, of whom the regulars and reserves were to constitute two and the main part of a third corps, while the other three would be principally composed of specially trained militia and volunteers. On paper it was admitted that this army scheme made a brave showing, but the opponents of the government said that the militia and volunteer contingents would be little better than a legal fiction, and that the thorough and needed reorganisation of the army had not been attempted.

When the war and finance bills had been gotten under way, Parliament undertook some odd business. The House of Lords was turned into a petty criminal court to try Lord Russell on the charge of bigamy; Lord Roberts, the hero of the Boer War, was given £100,000, because, as was unkindly suggested, he was an elderly gentleman, and could not well wait until the war was concluded; a lengthy argument was heard on the question whether the king might amend his oath of office so as not to brand as "superstitious and idolatrous" the belief of his twelve million Catholic subjects; and a bill was passed to empower the king, in his discretion, to alter the royal title "in recognition of his dominions beyond the seas."

The Irish Party in Politics.

The decomposition of the Liberals as an organised party for opposition or for anything else, and the pronounced, if acrid, ability in annoying the government displayed by the group of Irish Nationalists, united by Mr. John Redmond, caused the English press to discover that Ireland's representation in Parliament was large, out of all proportion to her population. The London *Times* showed that of the 670 members of the House, those from England represented 10,897 voters each; those of Scotland, 9678 voters each; and those from Ireland, only 7144 each. In other words, England had 34 too few representatives; Scotland, 3 too many; and Ireland, 31 too many. And, since two wrongs never made a right, it was no excuse for this state of things, as the *Spectator* pointed out, to say that formerly Ireland had been much underrepresented. From the standpoint of practical politics the overwhelming case against the Irish members was, in part, thus summed up by the London *Times* on *August 14:* "The Irish members are doing their best to convince the British people that it is high time to curtail the privilege they abuse, and to reduce their members to a just proportion with the population, the intelligence and the wealth they represent. Yesterday they began operations by an attack upon the historic title of the sovereign. Mr. William Redmond objected to the use of the words "Defender of the Faith," on the ground that they had become absurd and obsolete. Mr. Balfour met this *ridiculous contention* with some observations which were quite conclusive." Then, alluding to other instances of Irish perversity, the *Times* drew the conclusion that the Irish members were simply playing the part of obstructionists to the passage of necessary measures, and that it was on this account, among others, that the Parliamentary output for the year had been so peevish. One consolatory fact, indeed, the *Times* found, and that was that, "though the Irish members were peculiarly active and aggressive during the session, they *extorted* no legislation from the Government." Mr. Redmond, who objected to the *Times's* explanation of Parliament's inactivity, said the truth was that, as Parliament persisted in acting as a local legislature for the counties and parishes of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, attending to their petitions and composing their village frets, it had, as a matter of course, but little time left in which to enact legislation affecting the empire as a whole. And Mr. Redmond added that the Irish obstructionism alleged was clearly fictitious, for Mr. Balfour, on behalf of the English, made immediate use of the closure whenever the Irish entered the debate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Census in Canada.

With the accession of the Liberal party to power in Canada in 1896, extensive efforts were made to develop more fully the resources of the country, to increase the foreign trade and to establish large manufacturing interests. The Welland Canal, designed to allow Canada to compete for the export carrying trade of the Great Lakes, was greatly enlarged; a preferential tariff with Great Britain was established in the hope of creating a better foreign market; and immigration of labourers to work in the factories of the East and the wheat-fields of Columbia and Manitoba was invited. Because of these efforts, the results, announced on *August 25,* of the decennial census taken in March, 1901, caused much disappointment. This census showed an increase in population of 505,644, or 10.46 per cent. Outside of Quebec and Ontario, whose gain in population was 186,096, none of the older provinces, in which are situated the main cities, showed more than the slightest increase. On the other hand, Manitoba, British Columbia and the organised and unorganised provinces, all of which are primarily agricultural, showed a gain of some 307,000. The main increase was thus in the great grain regions, and not, as had been hoped, in the urban and industrial districts; and the total increase was, considering the extent and natural resources of Canada, very small.

The reasons which appear to make it so difficult for Canada to increase materially in wealth and population are said to be (1) the exodus from Canada of many of her best young men, who go to the United States in search of wider opportunity; (2) the long and severe Canadian winters, making work scarce and living costly, and deflecting European immigrants to this country; and (3) the tariff erected against Canada by the United States. Under natural conditions Canada would be just as much an economic part of the United States as Maine, Michigan or Washington, and her industries would thrive and become specialised accordingly. But, with a debarring tariff, Canada can only produce for her own consumption, or else compete with the great Powers, and especially with the United States, for the markets of the world. For such a contest, however, Canada is hopelessly unqualified; and if she produces for herself alone, her industries cannot become great and diversified, both because the demand is insufficient and because of the continuous and irrepressible leaking in of American goods.

IV.

STATE AFFAIRS.

Politics in Pennsylvania.

Instead of following most State conventions in announcing a general party policy, and defining a multiplicity of subdivisional issues, the Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania, which met on *August 15,* gave exclusive attention to the practical and actual effects of Mr. Quay's possession of Pennsylvania and to his cutting up and leasing to Quay retainers, during good behaviour, of the constituent parts of the commonwealth. The platform adopted consisted of one of the most unquibbled, straight-spoken and unanswerable arraignments of a corrupt administration known to American politics. In set terms, and with a wealth of illustration and specification, the platform declared the Republican leaders to be thieves, violators of the Constitution and corrupters of the judiciary; and called upon all honest citizens, irrespective of party, and simply for the establishment of humdrum decency in State affairs, to aid in driving the gang of public looters from power.

The Republican machine, with an indifference to attack born of customary success at the polls, made but little attempt at their convention, held on *August 21,* to explain the examples of corruption brought forward by the Democrats, but contented themselves with announcing that the seven millions of people in the State were "industrious, honest, law-abiding and happy" under a Republican *régime,* and that the Democrats, "the old historic party of obstruction and negation," had again set up "an hysterical cry of false pretence" to mislead the masses.

The Democrats in National Politics.

In one particular, indeed, the Republicans of Pennsylvania scored against the Democrats. The former, in their platform, flaunted before the voters all the beneficent acts and policies of the administration at Washington, and pointed out at the same time that the Democratic platform had not dared to mention a single national issue on which to appeal to the people. The argument, if somewhat specious, was, nevertheless, "timely," and applicable to more States than one. For in the various other States which had already held conventions the Republicans had been practically unanimous in fervently endorsing the foreign and domestic policy of the national Republican party, while the Democrats had rigorously insisted upon the paramountcy of State and local issues, sliding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over or evading or repudiating the Kansas City platform of 1900. It is true that the Iowa Democrats, who met on *August 21*, gulped down the national Democratic platform, but it was evident that they did so by a *tour de force*, and not as a normal functional exercise. In fact, on only one national subject did the Democrats appear to be clearly agreed, and that was on the necessity of denouncing trusts. But trusts were such a hydra-headed issue, prescriptions for their settlement were so numerous, and the Republicans were so equally assured that they were the ones qualified to prescribe the quieting dose, that neither honour nor votes in large quantity were likely to accrue from declaring trusts to be the supreme issue.

If anything else, said the Republican press, were needed to complete the embarrassments of the Democratic party in national affairs, it was to be found in Mr. Bryan's latest pronunciamentos. Mr. Bryan, previous to the July and August conventions, had expressed entire hostility to any so-called Democrats who would not endorse the Chicago and Kansas City platforms. But when these platforms were rejected by the Ohio and Virginia Democrats, Mr. Bryan, instead of declaring an open division in the party, as the Cleveland Democrats, perhaps, had hoped he would, adopted a conciliatory tone, refused to believe that the conservative element would regain control of the party, and discouraged an incipient movement to split off the radical element entirely, and organise a third independent party in conjunction with the Populists and the Silver Republicans. In other words, said Mr. Bryan's opponents, Mr. Bryan, notwithstanding his inflexible principles, intended, for the present at least, to keep fast hold of the central machinery of the Democratic party, trusting possibly to time and chance for some new cohesive principle and paramount issue which would, at the same time, be not obviously at variance with the old ones.

The Campaign in New York.

The campaign begun in New York City early in the spring to wrest the sources of municipal revenue from Tammany Hall received during August a steadily increasing amount of attention from the press. As there stated, the facts and conditions of the campaign would seem to be summarised as follows: Tammany Hall is a compact, carefully constructed and mercilessly effective commercial organisation, whose object is to remain in control of New York City. The large revenues derived by Tammany come not only, or in most part, from actual "corruption" and the support of vice dens, but from private and *ex officio* deals, not necessarily illegal, with those who are doing, or wish to do, business with the city; that is to say, with candidates for office, contractors, builders, real-estate and surety dealers and the like. Tammany gains and keeps its following, partly by "the cohesive power of public plunder" and partly by a real and practical understanding of the conditions under which the masses work and live, and by a rough but effective sympathy with those who vote the Tammany ticket. Finally, Tammany has demonstrated that its methods and organisation are sufficient to keep it in power under normal conditions, and unless extraordinary exposures and efforts are made to defeat it. Opposed to Tammany are two main forces—the Citizens' Union and the Republican machine. The first of these is avowedly moral, the second is obviously political; and in order to defeat Tammany, it is imperative for the two to unite. The large bulk of business men, irrespective of party, and also a considerable number of labouring men of the better class, can be depended upon to support either the Citizens' Union or the Republican machine, provided that a decent administration and reasonably low taxes are assured. But the Citizens' Union and the Republican machine are naturally antagonistic, and a union between them is a *mariage de convenance*, likely to result in bickerings and the divorce court. This was shown in 1897, when, after fruitless negotiations, the Republican machine, on the ground that the Citizens' Union was attempting to win a victory by aid of Republican votes, without giving due credit and without making political return, nominated a separate ticket, and made the election of the Tammany ticket inevitable. It is stated—and the statement was given colour by a meeting held on *September 9*—that in the present campaign a different method is being tried, the Republicans endeavouring to gain control of the Citizens' Union delegates and committees, and being willing graciously to abide by the result if defeated. To the politically unencumbered citizens of the city the only effect desired is the nomination of first-class men, of whom there are many, and not of third-rate compromise candidates, who would be sure to estrange voters and breed distrust of the motives of all concerned.

V.

THE STEEL STRIKE.

On *August 11*, the day upon which President

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shaffer's second strike order went into effect, the defeat of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Plate Workers became assured. For, in his second order, President Shaffer called upon "all Amalgamated and other union men" in the remaining partially unionised companies of the United States Steel Corporation to go out on strike, and by this order President Shaffer exhausted his resources. When, in response to the order, hardly half a dozen mills were closed down in addition to those already idle, it was recognised that the progressive force of the strike was broken, and that its acknowledged failure was simply a matter of time; and the Trust owners, having previously made the financial and business readjustments necessitated by the decreased output of the mills, settled back to lose with resignation a portion of their dividends, until the strikers were willing to return on terms dictated, whether in mercy or in justice, by the Trust. Nor was this result changed by various small gains subsequently effected by the union, for the Trust immediately neutralised these by starting up mills that had been thrown out by the original strike order taking effect July 15. The union closed a few mills of the Federal Steel and National Tube companies, and the Trust started up several mills of the Tin Plate and Sheet Steel companies and the important Painter, Clark, and Lindsay and McCutcheon plants of the Steel Hoop Company, the advantage in each case remaining with the Trust. The moral support offered to the union on August 7 by the American Federation of Labour proved to be of little practical use; appeals of the union for financial assistance from the public received scant attention, and, in fine, the strike drooped.

In the meantime, numerous capital and labour conciliators suggested plans to have the dispute arbitrated by disinterested outsiders. To these plans, and to the general theory that they were applicable in such matters, the *Journal of Commerce,* representing most ably, perhaps, the capitalist view, replied on *August 31.* The *Journal of Commerce* stated that the disinterestedness of the proposed arbitrators would necessarily be due to their ignorance of the steel business. For if they were masters of the steel business, they would undoubtedly be interested in it, either as stockholders or as workmen; and, being "interested," they would be disqualified to act as arbitrators. Therefore, ignorance of the subject-matter and of the merits of the dispute were to be the qualifications for the arbitrators of the dispute. But even if competent arbitrators could be found, the *Journal of Commerce* contended that there was nothing to arbitrate. The controversy was fundamentally a "higgling in the market-place"; labour, combined, as was its right, asking a price, and capital making an offer. Hence there was no more occasion for outside interference than in the case of any other disagreeing buyer and seller. As opposed to this view, a considerable part of the press contended that "higgling" between labour and capital was always to the advantage of the latter, because the latter had only to put up with deferred dividends during the process, while the former suffered actual privation. To offset this normal advantage of capital, it was said that a limit should be set to "higgling" by the appointment, in extreme cases, and where the public interests were gravely jeopardised, of arbitrators, whose decision should be binding. If, under existing laws, this would be construed as violative of the right of free contract, then the laws should be modified accordingly. The argument that the arbitrators appointed would be either ignorant or interested was specious; judges habitually turned over technical cases to expert and uninterested referees for a decision on the facts, and a board of arbitrators under State or federal control could be similarly empowered.

Mansfield Allan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE SONGS OF ALCÆUS. MEMOIR AND TEXT WITH LITERAL AND VERSE TRANSLATIONS AND NOTES. By James S. Easby-Smith. Washington: W. H. Lowdermilk & Company.

Mr. Easby-Smith, in his new volume, *The Songs of Alcæus,* shows with his Greek text and metrical translations the same concern for scholar and *dilettante* as marked his similar work of a few years ago, *The Songs of Sappho.* Largely on account of the fragmentary character of their songs, Alcæus and Sappho—supreme figures in the annals of the lyric—present peculiar difficulties to the translator and student; these Mr. Easby-Smith has met with scholarship and industry and brought to his task a literary charm that is rare indeed in these days of shorthand and "reformed spelling."

In fact, throughout his *Songs of Alcæus* there is more than one note of Old-World culture—of days when at least at the close of dinner a gentleman found himself in no danger of social ostracism if he indulged in a scrap or two of Greek or Latin. Mr. Easby-Smith's is the spirit of Dr. Parr and the Moore of the Anacreon, fused in one American mind and transfused with the energy and sincerity of the South. For his Greek text, which in its entirety has been printed admirably, Mr. Easby-Smith has relied for the most part on the work of Theodor Bergk, with the occasional use of the studies of George Farnell, J. A. Hartung and Dr. Otto Hoffman; and for purposes of literary comparison he has been broad-minded enough to reproduce, together with his own English versions of the poems, many of those of John Addington Symonds, J. H. Merivale, D. M. Crimmins, Thomas Campion and Frederick Tennyson.

Of his own metrical renderings—conscientious musical verses—if they do not reflect Greek quality so clearly as, say, Symonds's translations, they show, however, much real feeling and technical skill, which on account of the brevity of the fragments should not be overlooked. Out of one of these *disjecta membra* Mr. Easby-Smith makes this pithy quatrain:

If you must freely utter
Whatever things you will,
Be then prepared to listen
To things that please you ill.

More successful still, perhaps, is the author's rendering of the famous poem from which Horace and all later poets and politicians derived their pet figure of "The Ship of State":

I know not how to meet the tempest's rage!
Now here, now there the furious billows form
And compass us. We in the good black ship
Between the opposing waves are hurled, and wage
A desperate struggle with the darkling storm.
The straining sails grow clamorous: they rip
And fly in rags. The foaming waters burst
Into the hold. The anchors lose their grip.
And now a billow, greater than the first,
Rushes upon us, fraught with perils dire,
While the ship plunges deep into the wave.

Besides the metrical settings, there are copious notes, a study of Æolic poetry and the social conditions of the time of Alcæus and a treatise on his life-relations with Sappho—which latter Mr. Easby-Smith contends were actual and not the mere figments of the scholiasts. All this gives so comfortable a sense of completeness to this edition that collectors and librarians must find real satisfaction in placing it on their shelves.

Thomas Walsh.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION. By R. Osgood Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

That you can kill yourself by your imagination was said in the past. That you can cure yourself by your imagination is said to-day. The medicine of the imagination is by no means so modern as we are led to believe by certain newly organised systems of faith and mind cure. The methodical application of this force in medicine, however, is modern. How can the imagination be bridled and forced to work for good instead of ill? This is a question which has baffled psychologists and now con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ets it with the ...und a way in hypnotic suggestion. The psychic element in hypnotism has antagonised many physicians, who as a class are committed to physical explanations of psychological phenomena. They have, therefore, shown great conservatism in the practical application of hypnotism. It is only within the last decade, perhaps, that they have accorded the subject careful study and given it some measure of scientific status. Superstition is the bugbear of science, and men of science fear the reproach of dabbling with the visionary and supernatural. Yet they have good precedent for doing so, especially in medicine, which was cradled in Greek myth and grew up in superstition. There has always been a psychic element in medicine, and subjective influences have been recognised from time to time. Mesmer was a transcendentalist, although a regular physician. Hahnemann proclaimed again the spiritual principle, and claimed that disease was the derangement of that vital principle. Braid, a reputable English surgeon, established the doctrine of suggestion and gave the name of Hypnotism to the science which had been variously denominated as Mesmerism or Magnetism. Hypnotism was then exploited in the hospitals of Paris and Nancy, and to-day we have reputable physicians in Europe and America using hypnotic suggestion in practice.

The literature of the subject has rapidly increased. Perhaps the best book is Bernheim's *Suggestive Therapeutics,* translated from the French. Among recent books in America Dr. R. Osgood Mason's *Hypnotism and Suggestion* presents the subject with lucidity and force. Dr. Mason reports a number of cases from his own practice in the field of therapeutics, education and reform. The most general interest will be felt in the results gained in his educational and ethical work. It is surely of vital interest to realise that there is help for that class of imperfectly developed and viciously inclined children who resist all the well-recognised methods of education. There are the mentally and morally warped and incorrigible, with whom all systems have failed. Dr. Mason cites a number of such cases which have been greatly improved and even brought up to normal standards by the use of hypnotism and suggestion. He has an interesting chapter on the Ethics of Hypnotism, in which he disposes of many of the groundless objections raised by those who are imperfectly acquainted with the subject except as it figures in sensational newspaper reports or in popular novels. He finds Bulwer's *Strange Story* the least harmful of these novels, and wonders over the perversity of Mr. Hall Caine's having his hypothetical dipsomaniac created by a dime-museum hypnotiser. It is strange to find the author of the *Third and Fourth Generation* apparently ignorant of the existence of such men as Voisin and De la Tourette in Paris, or Tuckey or Bramwell in London. But Du Maurier has been the chief offender among novelists in exciting popular prejudice. The case of Trilby is a very "doubtful possibility," while the character of Svengali must live in the popular mind as a type of all that is loathsome and repugnant in the misuse of hypnotism.

Having very effectually met and answered the chief arguments against hypnotic suggestion, Dr. Mason makes out a strong case in favour of its use. He dwells at some length upon cases where the enfeebled will of the drunkard or the kleptomaniac is powerless to resist, and quotes the King in *Hamlet:*

"'Try what repentance can—what canst not?
Yet what can aught when one cannot repent?'

"Many a man in this emergency, in his best moments, seeing the right, but feeling bound both by heredity and environment to the wrong, has of his own accord sought the help which hypnotic suggestion gives to diminish these evil forces, make higher motives predominate, balance the will toward the right and give it strength to act according to wisdom—and he has been helped."

Dr. Mason is not so extravagant in his claims as some of his confrères. He says very little about the development of the normal intellect, wisely limiting his claim where other hypnotists become presumptuous. It is one of the favourite assertions of the hypnotist that he can inspire the average actor or writer into a genius, and it is here that he ventures too rashly upon holy ground. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So it is with Inspiration. But Dr. Mason is content to conclude that hypnotism and suggestion are in no way inferior and in many ways superior to other means of rectifying abnormal conditions, and that Hypnotism is destined to become one of the chief factors in the Newer Therapeutics.

Gertrude Blake Stanton.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WOMAN. By Max O'Rell New York: The Abbey Press.

Max O'Rell's naïveté in setting before the world some three hundred pages concerning his appreciation of women would be amusing were not the specifications and generalisations so trite—not to say banal. Regarded as a Frenchman's unbiassed impressions of American women, of their freedom and of the effect of this freedom on the women of other nations, his remarks are not without interest. But the general tone of the book smacks too much of the cleverness of the sawdust ring, and brings vividly before our minds a tight frock-coated Frenchman, waving airy kisses to a simpering feminine public. He dwells on the effect which the different types of women have on him individually; and, looked at from a perfectly impartial point of view, we can't see what earthly interest this can be to any one but Mr. O'Rell. His "Maxims for Married Men and Married Women" certainly come under the head of cheap wit. We could be as funny as that ourselves. The most popular newspaper of the day has its "heart-to-heart talks with women," where "maxims" as profound as these are abundant. When he sinks to such commonplaces as his jeers at mothers-in-law, words fail us.

Don't marry women who have big bouquets of roses and orchids sent to them.

If you are bald, never make love to a woman taller than you. Looked at from below, you are all right.

Never put your hand near your lady's waistband or round her neck. Place it about the middle of her back; there are no pins there.

Never let your lady-love see you without a collar; no, not even the wife of your bosom. A man's head without a collar is like a bouquet without a holder.

After several chapters of this sort of thing, interspersed with varied advice on the choice of a wife—valuable to any one lacking commonsense and inclined to listen—he goes on to assert that

A woman does not love a man because she feels it her duty to love him. Love has nothing to do with duty. You cannot help falling in love, any more than you can help becoming grey or bald; and you may fall in love against all the interests in life. The more you argue against love, the more you love. Love has nothing to do with arguing and reasoning, any more than it has with duty and gratitude.

That being the case so clearly put, we are surprised that the author does not see the futility of "maxims."

He has the rooted dislike of his sex to the New Woman, and his remarks concerning her are very much to the point.

Where is that New Woman to be found? Put together a hundred women, intelligent and of good society; take out the beautiful ones; then take out the married ones who are loved by their husbands and children, and kindly seek the New Woman among what is left—ugly women, old maids and disappointed and neglected wives. . . . I pity from the bottom of my heart the good woman who is not to know the whispers of love of a good husband or the caresses of little children, but I am not prepared to see life become a burden for her sake. . . . Women, priests and poultry never have enough, but in wishing to extend her empire woman will destroy it.

He scores the British matron for her prudery.

Her ears are most easily shocked, but not her eyes. She objects to the word, not to the thing. In her way she is a realist. The thing speaks for itself; it is the truth, whereas the word suggests to her fantastic imagination the most objectionable ideas. . . . When I reflect that Eve, after eating an apple, discovered that she was naked, I cannot help thinking that a little bite at that fruit might be of service to many ladies before they leave their dressing-rooms to go to a ball.

Writing for an American public, he would not be a Frenchman if he did not express in glowing terms his admiration for its women. He admires their unconventionality, their unaffected ways, and he pays them a tribute after the manner of his country.

When women were born, a fairy attended the birth of every one of them. Each woman received a gift. The American woman, arriving late, the fairies gathered together and decided to make her a present of part of all the attributes conferred on all the other women. The result is that she has the smartness and the bright look of a Frenchwoman and the shapely, sculptural lines of an Englishwoman. Ah! but added to that she has a characteristic trait peculiarly her own, an utter absence of affectation, a naturalness of bearing, which makes her unique, a national type. There is not in the world a woman to match her in a drawing-room. There she stands among the women of all nationalities, a silhouette *bien découplée,* herself, a queen.

We can see him with his hat in his hand, his hand on his heart, bowing low to her whose intelligence he places above that of all other women. That being the case, it would be safe to predict that, in spite of,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly because of, the epigrammatic tendency of the book, she will find neither any fund of amusement nor food for deep thought in *Her Royal Highness, Woman.* But perhaps, notwithstanding the preface, the book was meant for the special delectation of American men, for whom the author seems to have a good-natured contempt.

NOVEL NOTES

SALAMMBO. By Gustave Flaubert. Retold from the French by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It was, perhaps, hardly necessary to publish another translation of Flaubert's Eastern masterpiece, since there was, at least, one in existence entirely satisfactory; but one welcomes any trustworthy reproduction of *Salammbô* which is likely to bring this epic of realism within the reach of English readers. Its subject is the revolt of the Carthaginian mercenaries in the third century B.C., and the book is distinguished by long passages of extraordinary force and brilliancy; indeed, it were worth obtaining the book to read the description of an African sunrise, and we cannot resist giving a passage, because it also affords an excellent illustration of the translator's work:

All at once a sheaf of light burst forth in the East. To the left, far below, the canals of Megara flashed through the verdure of the gardens with their silvery windings. The conical roofs of the temples, the stairs, the terraces, the ramparts, gradually cut out their sharp outlines against the pale amber dawn; and all around the peninsula on which the city stood a belt of white foam skirted the emerald-green sea, which seemed almost congealed in the coolness of the morning. As the rosy-hued sky went widening off into the distance, the tall houses seemed to rise up along the sloping streets, crowding one another like a flock of black goats scurrying down the hills. The empty streets seemed to grow longer and longer; only the palm-trees, which here and there grew out of the walls, appeared immovable; the well-filled cisterns looked like silver shields dropped in the centre of the courtyards; the beacon of the lighthouse on the promontory was beginning to pale. At the very summit of the Acropolis, in the cypress grove, the sacred steeds of Eshmûn, feeling the coming of the light, struck the marble parapet with their forehoofs, and neighed their greeting to the sun.

Salammbô can never have the vogue of *Madame Bovary,* that merciless indictment of romanticism and dreary description of the banality of French provincial life, but in some ways it is a more amazing illustration of Flaubert's power, who added to the minute realism of Balzac a glow and splendour which were his own. It seems, indeed, impossible for any novelist to interest his readers in life long ago; for however much we appreciate the accuracy of the staging, we are always outside the characters. We are never in perfect sympathy with their motives or feelings, and turn with respect, but also with relief, to human life nearer our own time, and under the sway of those emotions which are forming our own minds. Yet it is open to argue that out of Flaubert's five volumes—three of which, *The Temptation of St. Anthony, Sentimental Education* and *The Tales,* are not well known in England—*Salammbô* was Flaubert's most magnificent achievement. An excellent translation of a work of perfect art.

Ian Maclaren.

J. DEVLIN—BOSS. By Francis Churchill Williams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Company. $1.50.

When one considers the immense possibilities which politics in this country offer to the novelist, one wonders that more has not been made of them. Perhaps it is the fault of the women readers, who seem to get more than their share of the credit for the overworked swashbuckler. Be that as it may, *The Honourable Peter Stirling* has not had nearly so many imitators as have *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Richard Carvel.* The author of *J. Devlin—Boss,* one can readily see, has been in close touch with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a political "ring," and that the boss which he portrays has been very near to him. Some may recognise him in his public character, while others will acknowledge that it is a type well drawn and clear cut. The scene of the story may or may not be laid in New York; but, at any rate, the conditions which incited Mr. Williams to write his book bring before one the Tammany Hall of to-day. The "Committee of Fifty" and the "Citizens' League" also figure conspicuously in the story. But, for some reason or other, Mr. Williams has chosen to represent his boss as a Republican, in spite of the fact that his "heelers" are typical Democrats, and that he himself has risen from the ranks. The time, too, is back in the early eighties, when Garfield was nominated for President, after a bitter fight between the Grant and Blaine factions. The description of this convention, by the way, is very well written, and shows the newspaper man's training.

The story of Jimmy Devlin is an interesting one, and the chapters which tell of his boyhood are among the most entertaining in the book.

He was being trained in a school which used no books; hard knocks cured the learner of follies; the prizes were inexhaustible and rich, and the lessons were taught at the polls, in the rooms of the ward leaders and at the street corners. From the day that Jimmy became Brady's errand boy and messenger he saw it was by studying the weaknesses of other men that he made himself strong. After all, be the issue what it might, and the principle at stake right or wrong, it was the strongest man that won in the end, for the labourer was worthy of his hire.

Mr. Williams gives a picture of how a Boss becomes a Boss, and how, after the rise, comes the fall. He shows the part that the reform movement plays in the game, and how treachery in one's own party makes many complications. The book has to have a love interest, of course; in this case a pleasant little diversion and quite harmless. However, Jimmy is the central and dominating figure. In his private life, Mr. Williams has made him too good to be true, but as a public character he does not spare him. For instance, on the eve of an election he has this to say:

Just before the closing of the polls he had begun a final round of the voting places where it appeared that his presence and a judicious word might urge obedient servants to extra endeavour, stiffen the wavering and warn those who plotted treachery. For there are divers ways of improving on a system of arithmetic when it comes to the reckoning of votes. All the judges of election, inspectors, clerks and peace officers in the world may not prevent the use of this improved arithmetic under certain circumstances. Seals may be duplicated, ballot boxes may open to deft fingers, even ballots may develop at will damning discrepancies in the marking, or vanish in thin air, along with their stubs—when the right parties are in charge of the undertaking. Nor was Jimmy blind to the advantages and disadvantages accruing from such legerdemain. With him, an election was something to be won.

Every Boss has his day; and so Jimmy has his, in spite of the "Committee of Fifty" and the "Citizens' League." But the day ends, and "Jimmy stood on his doorstep, a defeated man."

He had been repudiated by those whom he had come to think of as his own—stripped of most of his power, a boss no longer—a figure to be pictured as the triumph or pity of his one-time mercenaries might dictate. He was looking at a city which, a few hours before, had declared its will at the polls, and chosen to declare itself free of his command.

It was not bitterness that filled him at this thought, nor yet was he numbed by the blow he had got. Long ago he had taught himself the futility of passive resentment; his was not the temperament which is palsied by misfortune. But a mastering sense of his position besieged his resolution and made his heart sore. It is hard to bring the cup to the lips, and have it snatched away; it is harder still to drink of the wine of success only to come upon the bottom of the measure when its sweetness is beginning to realise the anticipations of a thirst long endured for the sake of this draught, and which nothing else may satisfy. . . .

That misstep he had made when he left the path of straight-dealing with those who shared the way with him. He had miscalculated. He had not waited till he was strong enough to overthrow Walsh and the rest in open fight, and so cleared the road to fame for himself. He had tried to trip his enemies and elude their vengeance. They had repaid him in kind, and outmanœuvred him, because they outnumbered him, and because he carried a burden, bound to him by his heart-strings.

Just what this burden is we leave to the reader to discover. To those who enjoy a story of political life, *J. Devlin—Boss* is to be recommended.

F. M. H.

THE SERIOUS WOOING. A Heart's History. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: F. A. Stokes & Company. $1.50.

A "serious wooing" it was; but is the tale of it "a heart's history"? Whose heart? Not the hero's. There is only one page given of that, the page that tells of him in love, when his manners are rather different from, but his heart very much the same as, any other man's in a like condition. And we read only a few little fluttering pages of the heroine's, who is so young and childish. There may be volumes of them to come still. Yet, perhaps, these first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ones tell the main thing about her. She wanted her strong man, and she got him. We are more curious about the hero's untold pages. Did he find his uneducated countess wife educatable? How much had he to sugar his Socialism to make it palatable to her after her first heroic gulp? We cannot help being curious about these points, for we are interested in his welfare; and it is not our fault if we are made to feel that, had Luttrel not known "all about racing," and had all the superficial advantages of her own class, without its vices, she would not have sacrificed much for him. The £45 bill—"just a few plain little mourning hats"—and the study of Tolstoy seem in her case to go so comfortably together that we may feel a little misgiving for her alliance with the Socialist leader. But, on the whole, we think she will stick to him. Her own set treated her so abominably that she can have no temptation to return to it. Only, Luttrel should have been a brigadier-general at the seat of war, or a picturesque keeper of some lonely frontier fortress. He could then have taken her away from her own vulgar family, have represented to her the "strong man," and she need never have bothered her pretty head and hand writing out fine advanced sentiments in Florentine note-books. However, to the mind of John Oliver Hobbes this stealing away of a ravishingly beautiful creature from the heart of a smart set into the tents of Socialism is a romance. Love, the miracle-worker, has brought it about, and may be trusted to do the great wonders of letting a river of forgetfulness flow over delights of chiffon and millinery, now all past for the Countess of Shortclough, otherwise Lady Wroxall, when she changes her name, somewhat irregularly, to that of Mrs. Luttrel.

About the machinery of that part of the story when Luttrel is called off to Marseilles, and Rosabel's relatives connive at cheating her, there is an ingenuity in separating the lovers of so desperate a kind as to spoil the story somewhat. And there are curious lapses in the author's strong sense of humour. When the hero is told by his sister that the countess will not stick to him, we learn that "Luttrel's philosophical mind began to play round the many reflections called up by his sister's speech. He thought of Bishop Berkeley, who denied that we do see things outside us; and a good deal about Schopenhauer's *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung:* he quoted softly under his breath—

> "'I live not in myself, but I became
> Portion of that around me,' etc."

Poor Rosabel! To have to live with so full a mind! Will she ever dare speak of the weather lest she let loose a flood of reflections on Aristotle or somebody? But Luttrel is better than that, as a rule; and this story about him and Rosabel has pages of greater, more wholesome, beauty than any we have ever found in the writer's work before. It is nearly impossible, because she has only by moments faced the material of one of her principal characters; but those in the ring round the hero and his lady—Mrs. Odo Ceppel, the sentimentalist villain, Sir Courtenay, Lady Ragot, Wroxall and all of them—are as if drawn swiftly and surely from the life. And without a direct word of reproof of their fatuous and insolent circle, yet out of their own mouths, are they convicted of absurdity, sometimes delightful enough—as when Rosabel is suspected of having gone off with the "outsider," Luttrel, and Sir Courtenay says: "'Yes, rotten to the core. Dear old England is rolling down the hill, I am afraid; but for God's sake don't let it get about that I said so! It might do a lot of harm.'"

A. Macdonell.

THE TORY LOVER. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.50.

What can be easier for a writer drilled in the art of novel-making than to turn out an historical novel of the American Revolution? All one needs to do is to study the books of this kind which have flooded the market during the past few years, and to try to improve upon them. The necessary implements for the actual work are a bottle of ink, a writing pad, a good memory, a history or two, and possibly an encyclopædia. For inspiration one may turn to George Washington or Paul Jones or Lafayette. A beautiful young maiden must flit through the pages, and a large, rambling old house with plenty of servants and good old wine must serve as a background. Then, too, there should be several lovers, one of whom is destined to be the favoured one from the very beginning. Of course any number of changes can be rung on this scene, but the result is the same—an American historical novel which is sure to sell, and to please the masses. In this way the half-educated learn something about the history of their own country, which they have not had the energy to study, and in this way also authors make enough money to buy estates in the country and to retire from the field for a year or so. Then, again, one does not have to be original. History made the most of characters many years ago, and even the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heroine does not tax one's ingenuity too far. Revolutionary maidens are pretty much the same. They make pretty frontispieces for a book, and when they get dramatised they make even prettier "stars." All they require is a dash of coyness and of coquetry, for, whatever they are or whatever they do, the hero wins them in the end, and the orchestra chairs are seldom vacant. Nothing is left to the imagination. Human nature and psychology and analysis are not needed here.

This generalisation applies in particular to *The Tory Lover*—a pretty story, well written and properly heralded, but which the present writer declines to review. We all know what it is about. Sarah Orne Jewett is well and pleasantly known to novel readers. But she was tempted, and she fell. What if Mary Hamilton *is* like Janice Meredith, and what if the setting does remind one of Mr. Ford's story? Will the thousands of admirers of *Janice Meredith* object to that? At any rate, Miss Jewett has benefited by others' experience, and in writing *The Tory Lover* she has improved on some of its popular predecessors. And there is nothing more to be said.

Flora Mai Holly.

THE ROAD TO RIDGEBY'S. By Frank Burlingame Harris. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.50.

Here is a good story, and one that should not be lost sight of in the avalanche of autumn publications. There is something about it so real, so spontaneous, so simple, that one is glad to pass it on with a word or two of commendation. The author, like Edward N. Westcott, lived to know that the book was accepted, "but his eyes did not see a page of its proof." It is a story of farm life in the middle West, and on the road to Ridgeby's one passes the little country store "where the striped sticks of peppermint in the window were half melted," and one sees the quaint and homely characters which give to the book a touch of real humanity. Mr. Harris caught the atmosphere of a provincial village, and he collected together just the types which blend with this atmosphere. Ridgeby and his wife are kindly old souls, who, having lost all their children, have given a home to an adopted daughter and a half-demented old man, and have taken in at various times the homeless and the friendless. Into this strange household there drifts a young man, who claims to have come from the Land of Nowhere. He is a gentleman by birth and education, yet he chooses to serve as a farmhand for a time. The following picture reminds one slightly, in matter, if not in manner, of *The Summer in Arcady:*

After dinner Newton hitched the team to the mower, and started for the hay-field. He drove through a winding lane, in which the calves were sporting, skirting an orchard on one side and on the other a wheat field, whose golden expanse, uniting with others, stretched out until, sinking down a swale, it became lost to sight. The sun, falling on the bending heads, was reflected back in a golden sparkle. He let down the pair of bars, drove through a pasture and into the field of waving timothy. He stopped his horses a moment, and looked around him. The tufted grass was bowing salutes to the sun all about him. It swayed and bent and tossed and became erect again as the wind whispered over it, sending up a breath of perfume that Newton drank in with a sigh. Grasshoppers everywhere leaped from stalk to stalk, and filled the air with their grating song. One of them lighted on his hand. He aroused himself from the half reverie into which he had fallen, and flicked it off. He drew up the lines, let down the bar and called to his horses. They strained against the collars, the knives creaked and crashed, and the serried ranks of hay began to prostrate themselves as Oriental slaves at the approach of a master. The rattle of the knives as he drove round and round the field became monotonous after a while. It drowned out all other sounds, and roared in his ears until he scarcely heard it.

The girl Sibley was an enigma to Newton. Here he found her milking the cows, feeding the calves and doing other rough household duties, and yet confiding to him that she had been at Vassar, and showing him in a simple and unobtrusive way that her mind was above her surroundings.

Sibley was an example of that ever-increasing type, the educated farmer's daughter, the girl for whom the old, bent, gnarled, work-withered mothers and fathers have toiled year in and year out, knowing not the meaning of rest, narrowing as the seasons pass, growing farther and farther away from that great world that lies somewhere over beyond the swells. When the children grow up and become able to take the plough from the hand of the father and the multitudinous cares of the household from the shoulders of the mother, the parents shut their eyes to the rest that is offered them. They slave harder yet, scrimp closer than before, add to the mortgage on the farm, that the children may have an education. It is their ambition, their dream. The children go away to school. The boys stay away. The glamour of the world blinds them. Ambitious dreams weave delusions in their minds, and they turn their backs on the old farm, and go out into the hurly-burly. Not so the girl. She goes back to mother and father, she takes up her duties again, and finds her simple pleasures among them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sibley is a noble type of woman, and it is her intention to sacrifice herself upon the altar of duty. But the Fates are kind, and there is a happy solution to an unpleasant complication in her life. It seems a pity that no other book can come from this author, for there is much in this posthumous volume which shows talent and cleverness. To use a hackneyed phrase, the story is true to life.

F. M. Mandeville.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1901.

That the feature of the coming fall season is to be found in the number of novels laying claim to a more than ordinary popular sale, is now readily determined. Never in the history of bookselling has there been such a list of works by authors of established reputation as may be seen in the present announcements of the publishers. Of the recent books, *The Crisis, The Helmet of Navarre* and *Tarry Thou Till I Come* may confidently be expected to continue in their already exceptional popularity. To these may be added of the August publications *Captain Ravenshaw,* by R. N. Stephens, and *D'ri and I,* by Irving Bacheller, while from the forthcoming works there might be mentioned not less than a dozen titles likely to reach an enormous sale. *Blennerhassett,* by C. F. Pidgin; *The Right of Way,* by Gilbert Parker; *The Cavalier,* by George W. Cable; *Tristram of Blent,* by Anthony Hope; *The Eternal City,* by Hall Caine, and *The Tory Lover,* by Sarah Orne Jewett, are, however, at this writing the most promising.

August publications compared favourably, as to numbers and quality, with those of the same period in former years. Besides the two novels noted above, already in great demand, there was a considerable list of fiction, including numerous juvenile books, such well-known authors as Castlemon, Alger, Sophie May and Ellis being represented. There was also a goodly number of miscellaneous works upon various subjects, including the American standard revision of the Bible, which may be expected to sell readily.

Many of the publishers are already shipping holiday goods, the lines being sufficiently complete, and leaving but a reasonable number of unpublished books to follow as issued. There does not seem likely to be any particularly startling novelties, the different classes running along very much in the same styles as heretofore, but showing a newness and general smartness of make consistent with a progressing age. Among the illustrated gift books will be new and attractive editions of *Bob, Son of Battle, Barabbas, The Dolly Dialogues, The Salt-Box House,* and Charles Dana Gibson will have a new book of illustrations, entitled *A Widow and Her Friends.* Juveniles will, as usual at this season, be very numerous, many of them published as net books, and it will be of interest to note any effect this may have upon their sale. Denslow's *Mother Goose, Guess,* by J. J. Bridgman, and *Runaway Robinson,* by Charles M. Snyder, bound in board covers and with coloured illustrations, bid fair to sell well. Calendars in new designs, particularly favouring the subject of golf, are among the novelties for Christmas presents.

Business for the month just passed was good. Library orders continued to come in throughout the period, and the first rush of school-book orders in quantity was felt. A few out-of-town buyers were in the city, and indications point to an unusually active fall.

The best-selling books in the order of popularity follow:

The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Graustark. G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. Sidney McCall. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. George Croly. Net, $1.40.
Jack Raymond. E. L. Voynich. $1.50.
Days Like These. E. W. Townsend. $1.50.
The Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth. Anon. 75 cents.
The Turn of the Road. E. B. Frothingham. $1.50.
J. Devlin—Boss. F. C. Williams. $1.50.
The Visits of Elizabeth. Elinor Glyn. $1.50.
Eben Holden. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. Winston Churchill. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1901.

The general condition of business has not changed to any material extent since last month's report, and the record of August sales shows that the upward tendency which has marked the summer months was well maintained. A very large quantity of books has been sold during what is called the dull season, so many, in fact, that it might well be considered abnormal. The steadiness and unbroken continuity of the demand, however, points to the fact that it is really due to the percentage of the reading public having greatly increased.

Autumn business is practically commencing as this is being written, and is certainly starting up well. Country orders so far for holiday supplies are quite liberal, especially in regard to the popular books of the hour, and it is already evident that the demand for this class of book will exceed, in all probability, during the coming season anything heretofore recorded.

D'ri and I, Irving Bacheller's new book, was received late in the month, and it is practically the first of the more important of the autumn books to reach the trade. The work was a pronounced success from the start, and will evidently obtain a wide reading. The handsome appearance of the book will also undoubtedly promote sales during the holiday season. *Cinderella,* by S. R. Crockett, was also very successful, and promises to equal in sale any of this author's books.

That the reign of the popular book is not yet over, nor even declining in any way, is evidenced by the fact that, in order to meet the demand, enormous editions are being prepared of quite a number of autumn books, the success of which is to a certain extent assured. A short time since, an edition of fifty thousand copies of a novel caused considerable comment; nowadays it is almost common.

The Crisis has as yet lost none of its popularity; in fact, its sale is still on the increase, the relative sale last month being better than during any month since it was first issued. *Graustark* also has a strong upward tendency, and *The Helmet of Navarre* is holding its own in point of sale very well. Of the other popular favourites, those which deserve especial mention, by reason of the activity of their sale, are *The House of De Mailly, Truth Dexter, The Puppet Crown, Tarry Thou Till I Come, Eben Holden, Richard Carvel* and *Alice of Old Vincennes.*

A good sale, both local and general, is being experienced for a recent book of poems by William Vaughan Moody. The appearance of a new poet with apparently real mercantile value is so rare, indeed, nowadays that the fact deserves mention.

The outlook for the fall season continues to be bright, conditions having, if anything, improved during the last month. The list of the books which sold best during August is as follows:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. $1.50.
Tarry Thou Till I Come. By George Croly. Net, $1.40.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
The Puppet Crown. By Harold MacGrath. $1.50.
Truth Dexter. By S. McCall. $1.50.
The House of De Mailly. By Margaret H. Potter. $1.50.
Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
Jack Raymond. By E. L. Voynich. $1.50.
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.
Like Another Helen. By George Horton. $1.50.
To Have and to Hold. By Mary H. Johnston. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 20 to August 20, 1901.

Expectation rather than realisation is the customary experience of the trade during the present period of the year. The past month has, however, proved to be somewhat of an exception. The demand has throughout been rather above the average and well sustained.

Fiction is at all times the principal item in the trade, and it is therefore not surprising that with a large proportion of the public holiday-keeping an especial preponderance of this class of literature should have been in request. Certainly, the most popular of the new issues in the 6-shilling novels has been *Tristram of Blent,* by Anthony Hope; but the sales of many previous works, such as *The Crisis, The Grip of the Bookmaker, The Casting of Nets, The Serious Wooing, Both Sides of the Veil, The Luck of the Vails* and *Anna Lombard,* have been very good.

Although the actual publication of *The Eternal City,* by Hall Caine, does not take place until after we close this report, it has, nevertheless, formed an important feature in the business of the month. Orders for it have been coming in rapidly, and a considerable proportion of the one hundred thousand copies which form the first edition have already been disposed of.

In 3s. 6d. novels, *The Good Red Earth,* by Eden Phillpotts, and *Her Royal Highness, Woman,* by Max O'Rell, have continued to be in constant request.

A cheap edition of *Bam Wildfire,* by Helen Mathers, has also sold freely.

The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War and *Trooper 8008 I. Y.* have been the two works most in demand in connection with South African affairs; and *Peace or War in South Africa,* by A. M. S. Methuen, has also been very successful.

The forthcoming celebrations in memory of King Alfred have created a demand for accounts of his life and reign. The most popular yet issued is the one by the late Sir Walter Besant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guide-books have continued to sell freely, the Way About Series being very popular.

Sixpenny reprints have formed a bulky part of the trade of the month, and very large numbers of the most popular have been sold. There is, however, a considerable amount of over-production now in this line, and several of the most prominent publishers have intimated that it is their intention to cease these issues.

The sale of periodical literature of a bright and chatty nature is always large during holiday seasons, and this has proved no exception to the rule. A considerable number of the most approved magazines and illustrated weeklies have been purchased.

The Hundred Best series of this or that subject have fallen very flat in several instances, and there is evidently an indication that the public have had more than sufficient of them.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (J. Murray.)

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Grip of the Bookmaker. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The Casting of Nets. By R. Bagot. 6s. (Arnold.)

The Serious Wooing. By J. Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Methuen.)

Both Sides of the Veil. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Luck of the Vails. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Anna Lombard. 6s. (Long.)

Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (J. Clarke.)

Sister Teresa. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)

Cinders. By Helen Mathers. 6s. (Pearson.)

Penelope's Irish Experiences. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

The Lady of Lynn. By Sir Walter Besant. 6s. (Chatto.)

Life of a Bee. By Maeterlinck. 5s. (G. Allen.)

Gordon's "Our Country's" Series. Each volume 6s. (Simpkin.)

Secret Chambers and Hiding Places. By Allan Fea. 10s. 6d. net. (Bousfield.)

Trooper 8008 I. Y. By H. S. Peel. 7s. 6d. (Arnold.)

Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War. By E. T. Cook. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

The Good Red Earth. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

Her Royal Highness, Woman. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Bam Wildfire. By Helen Mathers. 1s. (Simpkin.)

Peace or War in South Africa. By A. M. S. Methuen. 1s. (Methuen.)

Story of King Alfred. By Sir Walter Besant. 1s. (Newnes.)

Various guide-books, especially the *Way About* series.

Sixpenny reprints and a large amount of magazines and illustrated periodicals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

Cupid in Grandma's Garden. Mrs. David O. Paige.
Cat Tales. Elliot Walker.
How Tommy Was Cured of Crying. Gertrude M. Waite.
Tabby's Defence. Harriet Elliot.
Woodpile Recollections. Charles Louis Olds.
Green Valley. T. P. Buffington.
The Devil's Diary. L. M. Elshemus.
Birds Uncaged, and Other Poems. Burton L. Collins.
New England Folk. Mrs. C. Richmond Duxbury.
Love and Liberty. William C. Townsend.
Unique Tales. M. Y. T. H. Myth.
The Why of Poverty. George H. Hubbard.
A Singular Sinner. Charles R. Harker.
The Days That Are No More. E. B. Johnston.
Christ's Message to the Churches. William M. Campbell.

American Book Company:

A Brief French Course. Antoine Muzzarelli.

Appleton and Company:

The Eternal City. Hall Caine.

Crowell and Company:

Mopsa the Fairy. Jean Ingelow.
Heart. E. de Amicis. Translated by I. F. Hapgood.
The Hour of Opportunity. O. S. Marden.
Good Manners and Success. O. S. Marden.
Cheerfulness as a Life Power. O. S. Marden.
Character the Grandest Thing. O. S. Marden.
An Iron Will. O. S. Marden.
The Age of Fable. Thomas Bulfinch.
The Age of Chivalry. Thomas Bulfinch.
Legends of Charlemagne. Thomas Bulfinch.
Two and One. Charlotte M. Vaile.
Little Arthur's History of Greece. A. S. Walpole.
The Complete Works of John Keats. Vols. I., II., III., IV. and V.
Saul. Robert Browning.
Loving My Neighbour. J. R. Miller.
The Chouans. Honoré de Balzac.
Stories from Virgil. Alfred J. Church.
The Child's Don Quixote. C. D. Wilson.
Stories from Homer. Alfred J. Church.
The Little Crusaders. E. A. Madden.
The Candle and the Cat. Mary F. Leonard.
Our Uncle, the Major. James Otis.
Gulliver's Travels. Dean Swift.
Stevenson's Attitude to Life. John F. Genung.
A Pair of Them. Evelyn Raymond.
Mistress Barbara. Halliwell Sutcliffe.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

English Embroidered Bookbindings. Cyril Davenport.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marna's Mutiny. Mrs. Hugh Fraser.
Tangled Trinities. Daniel Woodroffe.
The Million. Dorothea Greard.
Forest Folk. James Prior.
The Year One. John Bloundelle-Burton.
The Lady of Lynn. Sir Walter Besant.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Middlemarch. Vols. I. and II. George Eliot.
New South Africa. W. Bleloch.
The Personal Edition of George Eliot. Vols. IX. and X.
The Bears of Blue River. Charles Major.
The Backwoodsman. H. A. Stanley.
The Black Tortoise. Frederick Viller.
Old Songs for Young America. Clarence Forsythe.

Harper and Brothers:

The Supreme Surrender. Maurice Low.
Tales of the Cloister. Elizabeth G. Jordan.
Great Religions of the World. By Eminent Authorities.
'Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. Captain M. S. Wellby.
The King's Messenger. Suzanne Antrobus.

Holt and Company:

Industrial Evolution. Carl Bucher.

Putnam's Sons:

The Christ Ideal. H. W. Dresser.
The Death of the Gods. Dmitri Merejkowski.

Remington Brothers' Newspaper Advertising:

Remington Brothers' Newspaper Manual, 1901.

Revell and Company:

Deborah. James M. Ludlow.

Scribner's:

Foma Gordyeeff. Maxim Gorky.
Wall and Water Gardens. Gertrude Jekyll.
The Desert. John C. Van Dyke.
Parts of Speech. Brander Matthews.

Stokes Company:

A Thoroughbred Mongrel. S. Townsend.
The Serious Wooing. John Oliver Hobbes.
The Night-Hawk. Alix John.

Town Topics Publishing Company:

A Passion Unveiled. Lenore Poe.

Young and Company:

John Gildart. M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

Whittaker:

The Modern American Bible. S. Luke. Two volumes. F. S. Ballentine.

Wessels Company:

Tolstoy and His Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude.

ALMA, MICH.

Butler Publishing Company:

Out of the Pigeon-Holes. E. S. Goodhue.

BOSTON.

Allyn and Bacon:

Horace's Odes and Epodes. Charles E. Bennett.

Clark Publishing Company:

Blennerhassett. Charles Felton Pidgin.

Ginn and Company:

Secrets of the Woods. William J. Long.
Original Investigation; or, How to Attack an Exercise in Geometry. E. S. Loomis.
Composition and Rhetoric. S. E. Lockwood and M. A. Emerson.

Heath and Company:

A Brief Topical Survey of United States History. O. P. Cornman and Oscar Gerson.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

When the Land Was Young. Lafayette McLaws.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller.
Aguinaldo. Edwin Wildman.

Pettingill and Company:

Type-Book for 1901-02.

CHICAGO.

Argus Press:

In the Shadow and Other Poems. Herbert B. Robinson.

Donohue and Company:

Told by Two. Marie St. Felix.

Laird and Lee:

Frolics of the A, B, C. Fannie E. Ostrander.
Pitfalls of the Ballroom. G. F. Hall.

Advance Publishing Company:

Lest We Forget. Joseph Hocking.

Marquis Company:

Who's Who in America. J. W. Leonard.

McClurg and Company:

Tennessee Sketches. L. P. Looney.
Juell Demming. Albert L. Lawrence.
Justice to the Woman. Bernie Babcock.

Seymour:

Francesca da Rimini. Otis Skinner.

CLEVELAND, O.

Ohio State Publishing Company:

The Mind and Its Machinery. V. P. English.

DALTON, GA.

Showalter Company:

In Peaceful Valley. H. E. Harman.

HAMILTON, N. Y.

Germania Press:

History of German Literature. R. W. Moore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LONDON.

Methuen and Company:

Peace or War in South Africa. A. M. S. Methuen.

PHILADELPHIA.

Coates and Company:

The Handy Dictionary of Biography. Charles Morris.
Temple House. Elizabeth Stoddard.
Two Men. Elizabeth Stoddard.
The Morgesons. Elizabeth Stoddard.

Drexel Biddle:

The Land of the Wine. Vols. I. and II.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

A Union List of Periodicals, Transactions and Allied Publications. Compiled by A. P. C. Griffin.
A Calendar of Washington Manuscripts in the Library of Congress. Compiled by Herbert Friedenwald.
A Check List of American Newspapers in the Library of Congress. A. B. Slawson.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Simon:

Antony and Hero and Fishing for Fame. Simmie.

DENVER, COL.

Carson-Harper Company:

Poems. Edwin Emerson.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1, 1901, and August 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Story of Sarah. Forsslund. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
6. Babs, the Impossible. Grand. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Juletty. McElroy. (Crowell.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.75.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.20.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.20.
3. When the Land Was Young. McLaws. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.20.
4. Memories. Mueller. (McClurg.) $1.00.
5. The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.20.
6. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
5. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.
2. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Katherine Day. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25 net.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Clayton Halowell. Van Praag. (Fenno.) $1.50.
5. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. Aphorisms and Reflections of Bishop Spalding. (McClurg.) 80 cents net.

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
5. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Manager of the B. & A. Kester. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Tower of Wye. Babcock. (Coates.) $1.50.
6. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lane That Had No Turning. Parker. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.50.
4. The Potter and the Clay. Peterson. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $2.25 net.
6. The Home Life of Wild Birds. Herrick. (Putnam.) $2.50 net.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A King's Pawn. Drummond. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Juletty. McElroy. (Crowell.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Sky Pilot. Connor. (Revell.) $1.25.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
4. Days Like These. Townsend. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Penelope's Irish Experiences. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Beaucaire. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
4. Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Coates.) $1.25.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard Yea-and-Nay. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. (Horton.) (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. The Autocrats. Lush. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Every Inch a King. Sawyer. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Joscelyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Sir Christopher. Goodwin. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Quincy Adams Sawyer. Pidgin. (Langton & Hall.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
3. Cinderella. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
4. Joscelyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Gage Co.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.
5. Four-Leaved Clover. Gray. (Appleton.) Paper, 50 cents.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (McClurg & Co.) $1.50.
3. Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth. (Lane.) 75 cents.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
5. How to Know the Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00 net.
6. Perfect Health. Haskell. (Haskell.) $1.00 net.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. Arrows of the Almighty. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Column. Marrott. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. A Soldier of Virginia. Stevenson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. A Dream of Empire. Venable. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Stringtown on the Pike. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
6. Eben Holden. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Crankisms. Mathewman. (Coates.) 75 cents.
2. In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates.) $1.00.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Summer Hymnal. Moore. (Coates.) 90 cents.
5. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. Sister Teresa. Moore. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
3. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. The Turn of the Road. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Joscelyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Marcus Whitman. Mowry. (Silver, Burdette Co.) $1.50.
3. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Heritage of Unrest. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
6. Cinderella. Crockett. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Katherine Day. Fuller. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Encyclopædia of Etiquette. Holt. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $2.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. For Blue and Gold. Lichtenstein. (Robertson.) $1.50.
5. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Songs from Bohemia. O'Connell. (Robertson.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sister Teresa. Moore. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
5. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. Cinderella. Crockett. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.40.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Days Like These. Townsend. (Langton & Hall.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Jack Raymond. Voynich. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Like Another Helen. Horton. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
3. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Arrows of the Almighty. Johnson. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Visits of Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.
6. Letters of Elizabeth's Mother. (Lane.) 75 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. J. Devlin—Boss. Williams. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
3. Manager of the B. & A. Kester. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir John. Bell. (Harper.) $1.15.
5. Letters of Her Mother to Elizabeth. Glyn. (Lane.) $1.00.
6. Geoffrey Strong. Richards. (Estes.) $1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"	"	8
" "	3d	"	"	"	7
" "	4th	"	"	"	6
" "	5th	"	"	"	5
" "	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	352
2. The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co.) $1.50	110
3. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	108
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come. Croly. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40 net	102
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50	100
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50	86

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT 1901, THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

Frontispiece from LAZARRE, drawn by André Castaigne

"He mounted toward the guardians of the imperial court and fortune was with him"

From André Castaigne's illustrations for LAZARRE, Mary Hartwell Catherwood's brilliant, romantic novel, one of the most pronounced successes of the season

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED